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Baltimore College of Dental Surgery

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Editorial

SHOW us the Editors who have never made a mistake, and we will show you those who have never tried anything."

We have tried. It necessarily follows that we have made mistakes; but we ask you not to scrutinize too closely nor criticize too harshly the contents of this, the eleventh edition of the MIRROR.

We have done our best, and have sacrificed much to put forth a book worthy of your consideration. If it meets with your approval, we are content; if not——.

It has been our constant aim to avoid personal attacks and to eliminate remarks which might cast reflection upon the character of anyone.

With thanks and appreciation for the many kind services rendered by our friends, we now submit the book to our readers.—EDITORS.

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OF
DENTAL SURGERY

THIS ISSUE OF "THE MIRROR" IS DEDICATED

TO

DR. B. HOLLY SMITH, M.D., D.D.S.

Professor of Dental Surgery and Operative Dentistry

Whose life thread is so closely interwoven with the "Old College" that even the highest tribute we can pay him seems but a meager expression of his true value.

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A Toast

To the dear old walls that so solemnly stand,
To our instructors who make success sure,
To the "stiffs" we carved at P. and S.,
To our patients who sit and endure,
To those who have come, to those who will come,
To those struggling now in the stress,
To the fair and the sweet, to the whole wide world,
And to dear old B. C. D. S.

—Rogers.

1912
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REVERIE

As I sit in the light of the slow-burning fire,
My old pipe sending incense above,
While the blue of the flame and the near-dying day
Melt in dreams of the past that I love;
As I then dreamed wild dreams of a confident youth,
Future hopes over which Fate held sway,
So now do I dream the lost dreams of a man—
Visions of dear, dead days.

The faces I met, the friendships I formed,
The jokes I can never forget;
The times I hazed, the time I got hazed,
The fall that broke my first "set."
The hours that I worked, the hours that I loafed,
The places I loved to go—
The dark and the bright, in mingled delight,
Live again in the flame burning low.

Dear old Fire, let thy flame burn as blue as it did
When I dreamed in those days that I love.
Dear old Pipe, be my comforter now as you were;
Bear my thoughts with thy incense above.
Dear old Night, let thy shadows creep farther and far,
Till you number this day with the rest,
But leave me to sit and live in those days—
Dear old days at B. C. D. S. —*Rogers.*

Under What Flag Do You Sail?

AT a banquet in London, Mr. Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain), soon after Oxford had conferred an honorary degree upon him, related this incident:

"A frivolous little self-important captain of a coasting sloop in the dried apple and kitchen furniture trade was always hailing every vessel that came in sight, just to hear himself talk and air his small grandeurs. One day a majestic Indiaman came ploughing by, with course on course of canvas towering into the sky, her decks and yards swarming with sailors, with macaws and monkeys and all manner of strange and romantic creatures populating her rigging, and her freightage of precious spices lading the breeze with gracious and mysterious odours of the Orient. Of course, the little coaster-captain hopped into the shrouds and squeaked a hail: 'Ship ahoy! What ship is that, and whence and whither? ' In a deep and thunderous bass came the answer back through a speaking trumpet, 'The Begum of Bengal, a hundred and twenty-three days out from Canton—homeward bound! What ship is that?' The little captain's vanity was all crushed out of him, and most humbly he squeaked back, 'Only the Mary Anne, fourteen hours out from Boston, bound for Kittery Point with—with nothing to speak of!' "

This little book goes out with you as a record of doings at school, and may, perhaps, by some be preserved to give zest to the memory of past days. But now as we go, shall we be "captains of Indiamen, homeward bound," men of accomplishment and power, or Kittery Point captains, self-important, traders in trifles?

From my observation I am more and more convinced that the successful life is not lived by accident. That which we call fortuitous circumstance is no more or less than opportunity which comes to all, but only those who are watchful and ready grasp it. With envious eyes we sometimes view those who we think by accident have come within the radius of fortune's smile. A careful analysis, however, will reveal one of two things: either in the personality and character of the one so blessed was the power and ability to force himself into the circle of charm, or the envied one will prove himself unprepared and the so-called blessings will turn to ashes on his lips.

It is not all of success to resolve to be great. Greatness in character does not mean the evolution of some ponderous personality, which, like a massive piece of furniture, is out of all proportion to its setting, but a character which fully fills the niche it occupies, and from its station dispenses the blessings of high thinking and right doing.

Greatness is the outgrowth of service to others. Not only is it impossible for one to resolve himself great, but though he lavish upon himself every effort of an earnest life, he will be as an inexperienced and untrained gawk, in comparison to him who has grown great in the service of his fellow. If every man who aspires to be great or resolves to be great should, without further ado, desert his habitual environs and flock to the door of place and power, he might knock till his knuckles were sore without gaining entrance, but what man who by toil and study has adequately prepared himself for useful service does not find himself already in the room of place and power?

The diploma of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery which the Class of 1912 acquires is no more than a form of introduction to professional life, the testimony of your Alma Mater that you are professionally well-born and are of a family deserving station in any community which has regard for such distinctions. Armed with this introduction you go forth to make or mar your own fortunes. There would be no failures in life if every "loving mother's" offspring might reap the fruition of her hopes. It rests with you to do her honor or to bring upon her household and name reproach.

Every man should have a philosophy of life; should resolve how it should be lived, and keep a watchful eye upon the execution of his purposes. The aimless and idle life is little less than criminal. In almost every corner of the world there is an opportunity for useful service. It waits the coming of the man capable of seizing it. Will you clutter up the way like useless hulks, or will you come with glad hearts and trained hands to do the world's work?

Among other things, you have been trained in prescription writing. Let me write one which I believe if taken would make the Class of 1912 the greatest and most useful body of graduates of any college.

℞

Sleep outdoors, or with all the windows open.
Go to the operating chair or laboratory bench early and quit while the sun shines.
Spend at least fourteen hours every week in open daylight.

Spend at least fourteen hours every week in professional reading and study.
Don't be narrow.
Know all the poets and authors of merit.
Avoid trashy fiction.
Belong to and attend the church.
Join in every movement for the benefit and uplift of your community.
Vote at every election, but avoid self-seeking politics.
Exchange freely with your professional brother opinions and demonstrations.
Try out your theories of practice before you exploit them.
Never attempt to deceive or make false impressions in reports of cases.
Belong to your State and local dental and medical societies.
Build every day an addition to the knowledge you now possess, and you will be sought for out of many.
Never dismiss a patient until you are satisfied you have done your best.
Bring into your service the sunshine of a glad heart, and let a smiling face be its index.

If this prescription be not "shaken," but regularly "taken," it will bring that genuine success to which Woodrow Wilson refers in the following paragraph:

"We do not live for material success. Not one of us has ever been satisfied for a single moment by material success. We live in order that our spirits may be serene. We live in order that days may come in which, when the work is over, we may look our fellow-men in the eyes with unfaltering gaze, and when we shall come to the brink of the grave and go down into its depths we may know that we, at least, have done our little parts to see that men are elevated to the uplands of vision and unselfish achievement."

DR. B. HOLLY SMITH.

Oral Hygiene

DENTAL HYGIENE is not the innovation that the present widely-reaching movement would seem to indicate. As far back as the first century, before the Christian era, we find Asclepiades advocating a sterile condition of the oral cavity, basing his curative processes upon hygienic care. Following him came Cornelius Celsus, the Roman, also born before Christ. He was even more explicit than his predecessor, advocating the removal of black stains and a thorough rinsing of the mouth every morning. Next in line were Pliny and Archigenes, both of whom mentioned the application of medicines in the treatment of toothache.

After these, little is known until Albucasis the Arabian came forward in the eleventh century with a full set of tartar-removing instruments, with directions for their proper use. Succeeding Albucasis, we find a long line of writers and prominent medical men, enthusiasts of Oral Hygiene. We have Guy de Chauliac, the greatest surgeon of the Middle Ages; Grovanni of Arcobi; Pari, Riviere and many others. But there is a vast difference between the present movement and the Oral Hygiene advocated by Asclepiades and his successors. These were far-sighted men, who appreciated its value, but they reached only those who were educated sufficiently to grasp its meaning, and take advantage of their teachings.

The scope of the presene Dental Hygiene movement has been immensely increased from those isolated efforts of our predecessors because of the economic problems involved. Where enormous sums have been spent for hospitals, sanitariums, and the like, it has been found more economical to prevent the spreading of these conditions, which require such places of recuperation, than to allow them to occur and do the "repair work" afterwards.

The present campaign, then, is based upon the economic idea that the teeth are an essential factor in producing efficiency in the human body, and that the masses, being the economic factor in the development of the resources, wealth and power of the century, should be protected in every possible manner from those conditions which detract from their efficiency as a producing agent.

A large number of persons at the present time have sufficient interest in their well-being to consult their dentist often enough to insure the retaining of these organs. But the masses which represent 75

per cent. of the people of this country have not the time to consider nor obtain information concerning conditions which pertain to proper sanitation and health, or, if they have the time, have not the means for obtaining them.

How to assist these people in obtaining such knowledge that they may properly preserve their teeth, and by preserving their teeth prolong their lives and health, is of vast importance to the public and the dental profession. One cannot work to any advantage without the assistance and co-operation of the other. Newspaper articles and dental exhibits have confronted the people for many years, but have not induced the proper and anticipated result. The child, being the coming generation and the only individual where a preventive, and not a cure, is needed, is the fortress toward which the different movements of the present campaign are directed. The child, then, is not reached by any of the newspaper articles nor dental exhibits. But the child must attend school. It is there, then, that the fortress is best attacked, and to this end the public should pass laws granting the Dental Profession the power of examining and interesting the children through the medium of the public schools.

But examination and instruction is not all that is needed. Practical work and the clinics must be maintained in order to prevent the further development of those conditions which already exist. To further this purpose then, the public, again as a part of its duty to itself, should furnish money and means for the proper accomplishment of these ends. But, as I said, the public cannot work without the assistance of the dentist, nor can the dentist accomplish much without the co-operation of the masses. Then, what obligations rest upon a member of the Dental Profession? He, to be sure, is not exempt. He must, as one of the people, be willing to share their burden of financing the campaign, whether it be in currency or in devoting his time and labors to the curative processes. Then, too, as a unit in the population, he should enthuse in the enacting and lend all possible assistance to the passing of such laws as will further the means of accomplishing the best result. He should also, when giving his labor to the clinics, whether gratuitously or otherwise, work conscientiously to this great and noble end—the prolongation of human life, the more hygienic condition of the country, and the riddance of numerous diseases, many of which have proven fatal, should be the aim and ambition of every being in this great civilized country in general, and every member of the dental profession, and of each student of that profession in particular.

E. D. L., '13.

Address to Class 1911

By W. W. Parker, LL.D.

THE problem that presents itself before the mind of the average young man starting out upon his life journey is often appalling, and always serious. Upon the young man himself devolves the solution of this problem, and whether or not he shall be correct only his whole career will demonstrate.

It is not my intention to burden you with preachments nor to weary you with a rehearsal of platitudinous statements, yet I consider that the result of all the experience of which I have been the subject and of all the experience of which I have been the observer will well serve to enlighten, to strengthen and to support the courageous efforts of the young men who tonight find themselves face to face with the world, with the world's ambitions, the world's successes, and the world's disappointments.

It has been said that the world owes every man a living, but he who seeks to receive a fair remuneration for his services must be a good and a persistent collector indeed. Do not misconstrue my meaning, I am not seeking to discourage any one of the members of this class. My sole purpose is to lay bare the truth as I have found it, so that a full and complete realization of it at the beginning of these men's life careers may so warn them, so prepare them, and so embolden them as that they will be able to look the whole world in the face without flinching.

Deception is unfair, howsoever good the intentions of the deceiver may be. It is unfair to tell the weary, worn, and footsore traveler that the mirage of a great city, which he has seen seemingly but an hour's journey ahead, is in fact a great city where he may find his haven of rest. He may be buoyed temporarily by the prospect, but when the real truth dawns upon him his last state will be worse than his first.

Worst of all is it eminently unfair and lastingly harmful for any man to deceive himself. Men should look conditions squarely in the face; learn the real meaning of them; seek to know their purpose and their results, and then, if baneful, strive and plan and struggle to circumvent them; and if good, to take advantage of them and ride the wave of opportunity to success.

I am not prepared to dispute the assertion that a vague something called luck sometimes plays a large part in the lives and the triumphs of men. Neither am I prepared to dispute the averment that some men are made by the opportunities which present themselves and of which they are keen enough to take advantage. But I do dispute the theory that men may idly await the smile of fortune to be bestowed upon them, or that men may purposely loll in the shade of inactivity, expecting and hoping that some passing opportunity may arouse them from their lethargy.

Luck does guide the footsteps of some men seemingly favored of fortune. Opportunities, often unlooked for, do cross the pathway of a few of the human species. But unless these men have worked and learned well the exacting lessons of existence, all of their chances are ephemeral, their lives and examples are for naught and they will have lived in vain.

Without such men, and the history of them, the world is better off. They constitute a drag and a brake upon human progress, and for the same length of time that they live and their examples continue the ultimate realization of the eternal and undying purpose of creation is thwarted and delayed.

Work! Honest endeavor is the only medium that has yet produced lasting results, and that has made worth while the life of any one of the beacon lights in the history of progress.

Through what countless ages of travail, through what centuries of labor, through what untold aeons of development did this world pass before its answering blossoms greeted the sunbeams of the first morn!

And, after that, through what myriads of cycles; through what inconceivable periods of ceaseless persistency, with a thousands years but as a day in the sight of the omnipotent Creator, did the completed world advance before the first man stooped to lave his earth-soiled hands in the waters that gushed from the sides of his newly-hewn cave!

And then, the fleeting years that rolled into their round of unmarked centuries, through all of which the offspring of that first man struggled and bled and died in his attempts to overcome the almost superhuman difficulties which he had faced, before the rush of a great whirlwind, terrorizing men into a trembling fear, heralded the coming of Prometheus with his stolen celestial fire to illumine civilization's birth.

Then the onward march of civilization. Down through the centuries we have heard the groans and cries of the tortured ones. We have seen cities taken and retaken by hostile and warring bands.

We have heard the clash of steel against steel, the martial beat of the drum, the resounding echo of the bugle.

We have heard the lamentations and the agonizing wails of despair as Rachel has mourned for her children.

We have seen nations rise upon the ruins of nations only to fall in turn and be supplanted by others.

We have heard the booming of great cannon, and have seen many mighty ships, with a hundred jagged holes through their graceful sides, go hurtling down the fathoms to their graves amid the mud, furnishing the obliterated sepulchres of vast hosts of men launched, in a moment, into eternity!

And civilization was marching on!

We have walked the streets of that truly amazing city of Athens and have gazed in enraptured silence upon her marvelous treasures of art.

We have ascended the steeps of the Acropolis, and there, with the beautiful city stretching at our feet, in the shade of the magnificent Parthenon, the golden words of Plato have been wafted to our ears, borne upon the wings of a gentle summer zephyr.

Under the azure sky we have wandered, and, treading the well-worn pathway of those who had gone before, we have entered the Lyceum where, with bated breath, lest our very inhalations might be discordant, we have listened with transcendent delight to the philosophy of Aristotle.

Dreaming over thoughts too deep for our understanding, we have then pursued an involuntary and unnoticed way until the rythmic resonance of the waves breaking upon the shore has aroused us from our reveries and we perceived a solitary figure pacing back ond forth along the sands. Halting ere our shoes should press upon holy ground, we have stood in a transport of ecstacy with every nerve a-tingle and the hot blood growing hotter as our hearts urged it rushing through our veins, as we heard the melodious discourse of Demosthenes re-echoing above the roar of the sea, while all the gods of Elysium drew nigh to listen!

And civilization was marching on!

We have toiled over the stones of Rome. That eternal city within whose walls the peoples of the world have gathered and where the history of every kindred and of every clime might be read.

We have passed over the lava pavements, beyond the fountain where gladiators were wont to bathe their blood-stained bodies, and have ascended to the heights of the Capitoline hill.

There, as the sun rising above the distant horizon proclaimed the coming of another day to mark the fast ebbing life of that gigantic empire, we have heard the flourish of a thousand silver-toned trumpets, blazoning the march of a gorgeous procession, winding under the triumphal arches and through a labyrinth of heroic statues, with the mighty Caesar, fresh from his conquest of Gaul, standing proud and erect in his glittering chariot, bearing the crown of laurel upon his brow.

We have followed the swelling throng across the forum and have stood before that rostrum upon which the eloquent Cicero had mounted and have heard him pronounce those burning invectives against Anthony which moved the innermost souls of his auditors and impelled them to action. We have seen this same Cicero, clothed with a calm and courageous demeanor, awaiting death at the hands of one whom his eloquence once had saved.

And through all of these stirring events civilization was marching on!

We have seen the world and all mankind steeped in and overcome with a most pregnant and intolerable idolatry, an infectious wickedness, and an indescribable vice, and we have trembled for the fate of humanity.

We have watched a brilliant eastern star ascend to the zenith, and we have followed the hard and well-defined trail of the tireless camel until we have stood in wonderment and incredulity before the squalor and poverty of a manger where our eyes stared into the face of a new-born babe.

We have seen a youth, with countenance as fresh as the dewy morn and with eyes as bright as the sunshine, reflecting the purity and sympathy of the soul within, grow into early manhood.

We have seen him standing in the midst of the multitude, with envious and hostile critics mocking, patiently, fearlessly and tirelessly, filled with the gentle force and fervor of a fire divine, teaching the true and abnegating philosophy of brotherly love; and our ears have heard and our senses have told us, even though standing afar off, that the hope, the regeneration and the salvation of the world lay in the fruition of that doctrine.

We have watched the spread and the influence of his teaching. We have noted the wonderfully beneficent enlightenment of it, which all history has hastened to record. We have heard the ominous tolling of that midnight bell, startling their fancied and treacherous security, which signalized the ruthless butchery of those many thousands of men who followed its dictates. And in the gray dawn of St. Bartholomew's day we have seen the streets running deep in the blood of the slaughtered ones.

But civilization was marching on!

We have sailed the unknown and trackless seas; have braved the storms and perils of the ocean, and, after weeks and months of unrecounted hardships and dangers, have seen, by the lightning flash, the shores of that land to which we had come but had hardly hoped to find.

Well-nigh famished, we have tottered over the wastes of the desert. Fever-ridden, we have stumbled through the jungles of the tropics.

Benumbed with cold, weak with hunger, we have struggled amid the blinding snow, have forded the icy streams, and, with comrades falling all around us, their prayers for help ringing unheeded in our brains, we have pressed on, borne by a diabolical and an unreasoning energy, to a country where we have witnessed the death throes of an inordinately ambitious emperor and the crumbling of an empire.

But civilization was marching on!

We have watched the progress of the years. We have seen the amazing advance of learning, of science, of things worth while, and we have stood in open-mouthed wonderment and have marveled.

We have dreamed of accomplishments, and have awakened to face their realization.

We have thought of the chaining of mighty and often unknown forces, and have discovered the perfection of the thought.

We have stood aghast at the amazing consummations of men, disbelieving even while we saw.

Some of our kindred have dived deep down among the scurrying fishes, and, within a frail shell which their genius has evolved, they have breathed the breath of life, a fellow-prisoner with them.

Others have climbed the clouds, and, soaring far above the dizzy heights of the eagle, have distanced the jealous flights of the birds of the air.

All of these things, and more, have we seen as civilization was marching on!

We have viewed the progress of the centuries. We have learned the lessons of time. More fortunate than those of our brethren who have gone before, we have seen the weaknesses of humanity and we have attended the birth of humanity's triumphs.

We know the needs of the world; we are able to realize the true hope of mankind.

Tonight we are walking in the van of the onward march of civilization, and if we shall prove false or timorous of the trust that evolution has reposed in us, posterity will adjudge us unworthy of our place in the ranks, and we shall go down to oblivion "unwept, unhonored and unsung."

All of us have a part to perform in the drama of life, and whether our role shall be applauded or derided depends almost entirely upon each individual.

The whole library of the chronicles of progress contains but one story—that men worth while, men who have worked, have lived, and have understood the human necessity for their efforts; and they have devoted their energy, their ability and their determination to the attainment of some great object, and they have, by sheer force of will-power, attained it.

Yes, there have been, there are, and there will continue to be some exceptions to this rule. Luck has played some part. Fortune has occasionally assisted in the achievements of a few of this world's characters. But luck is usually such a negligible quantity; fortune is so notoriously fickle that he who may depend upon one or both of these auxiliaries will generally find them leading him so far astray that when at last his vain regrets shall recall him to a sense of his own shame and dishonor, he will be in the midst of the quicksand of disaster and hopelessly lost.

Work, then, honest, earnest endeavor, is the sole medium that has yet produced lasting results and will ever enable a man to count his full tally in the final summing-up of the many acts of his existence.

It is idle, it is foolish, it is cowardly for any man to say that he is unable to do thus and so. It is a lamentable confession of weakness for any man to admit that the buffetings of the world have disheartened and defeated him. It is eternally shameful for any man to confess that that derivative of the Almighty, the transcendent power of the brain, has been misused, abused or not recognized and utilized.

The man who buries his talents, who refuses to do his best, who is faint-hearted and fearful, who is prone to live a purposeless life, who is captivated by and enamored of the wiles of Tyre and Sodom, is he whom everlasting confusion overtakes.

Centuries upon centuries ago man struggled and toiled in darkness, the darkness of uncertainty, the darkness of ignorance, and sometimes of despair.

He toiled and struggled because it was the eternal purpose of Creation that he should do so.

He strived after better things, not knowing why he strived, because he was a part in the great evolutionary process of mankind. A force within him impelled him and urged him to seek to better his condition, and the world has advanced to its present stage because he did strive and did accomplish his purposes.

And, down through all the centuries since, men have been striving in response to that same force,

which has been driving them and compelling them, until tonight the whole world is made up of many thousands of men of effort, each the possessor of an undying and enthusiastic desire to do something worth while for humanity, and they are achieving these things and know why they labor in the achievement of them.

There is no longer any doubt, any uncertainty; no longer any darkness of ignorance or despair; man has emerged from the ancient gloom. Man is now hopeful and eager. The training and experience of the years have demonstrated and exhibited unto him his own power, the power of his mind, the invincible strength of his intellect. The human brain is master!

Fear not for your personal success. Learn and realize that a singleness of purpose unwaveringly pursued, with tireless energy and growing and ever-recurrent enthusiasm, must and will guide your footsteps into the pathway and support and sustain you unto the gate that opens upon the promised land where flows the milk and honey.

This success you cannot fail to attain if you devote your minds and your whole desires to it as your life's one objective point.

The history of men has abundantly proved the truth and the possibility of this. You have within you the power to make or mar your own careers. I do not mean this in the ordinarily accepted sense of that idea. I mean it in its fullest and most extensive sense. A vigorous, unalloyed, continuous, concentration of the mind upon the acquisition of any given object or result will almost invariably bring a perfect realization of it.

This concentration, however, must be the kind that remains sleepless and undaunted. It must be fearless in the face of defeat and supreme in the hour of adversity.

The experience of humanity has been that men contain within themselves the ability to work out their own salvation, and if, whatsoever your hands find to do you shall do with all your might, the very mightiness of your labor will bring its reward, and you will not be disappointed in the end.

There is no doubt about the truth of this statement. It is not a new nor an experimental doctrine. It is recent only in that it has but just begun to be recognized and understood. It has existed since man first began to develop, and the development and perfection of it, even without man's knowledge, has kept pace with all of his advances.

The great within all of us has the power of becoming omnipotent, and some day, in the era of the

millennium, it will come into its own. Even now, if properly understood and rightly used, it will guard his advances into whatsoever field man may choose to essay, and will break down all barriers that seek to bar his progress. Learn the force of this great within and use it. Use it rightly and vigorously, and fear not.

It would be unfair, however, to deny or to dispute what should be recognized as a universal and an ever-present fact—that evil forces have never ceased to permeate and have ever sought to dominate all things temporal.

Whether this be the result of original sin or what not, matters little in a life of practical achievement.

It is sufficient to know that it does exist. That whenever and wherever man has sought to build, to originate or to succeed, there has been an ever-present deteriorating and destructive influence keeping pace with and oftentimes outstripping his efforts.

Nature herself has felt the bane of this influence, and man, a product of nature, is always surrounded and menaced by it.

All good is correlated with its evil. The course of the world has demonstrated this, and destiny seems to make it so. But destiny is subject to the eternal and everlasting decree, pronounced co-instantaneously with the completion of the world, that good must ultimately triumph, and man is but the instrument of destiny.

Civilization, destiny, is marching on, and we are the chosen and selected media through whom it must work, and who must lead it to its successes or its failures.

Your personal careers are assured. Learn the full power and the might of your brains, and work with all your energy and you will be able to command success.

But this individual, this personal ambition is the smallest part of your lives. The whole world needs you. The people of the nations, less favored than you, are crying out to you for help.

Steeped in ignorance, devoid of aspiration, overcome with dread, hopeless, and groping in the midnight of despondency, your kindred are grovelling in the accumulated dust and dirt of the ages.

Subjects of disease, instruments of disorder, germs of evil; they yet possess enough of the divine spark of humanity to cause them to recognize in you and all of us that hope born of the centuries-old agony of despair which has been their only heritage, and, with wide-open and beseeching eyes, their hands are outstretched in a fervid appeal to all of us for help.

"Man shall not live by bread alone" is an inappealable edict to which each one of us must answer, and for the non-observance of which there is no defense and no excuse.

We wrong ourselves, we wrong the world, we wrong posterity if we shall not attempt to ameliorate conditions which surround us. We are untrue to the era in which we live and to the hour that marked our birth, for it is man's predestined purpose that he shall recognize and espouse the good.

Just as natural as that a flower shall bloom in its own beauty and give forth its fragrance, so is it natural that man, the grand culmination of nature, shall adhere to that which is commendable and eschew that which is evil.

We are living in an era of progress and enlightenment that far outshines any period civilization has ever known. All the vaunted learning of the ancient Egyptians, all the hidden and closely-guarded lore of their temples and their priests, all the forbidden secrets of antiquity are as naught compared with the perceptions of our time.

We are endowed with a reasoning, thinking, discriminating intellect that is capable of absorbing, understanding, creating, and mastering.

In our veins flows the true red blood of human instinct. As it surges through our brains, it becomes surcharged with the indelible impress of ambition, and, as it courses in our bodies, that impress impregnates every part of our natures and urges and fires us to action.

Within our brains, where lies that same ambition, there also lies a power which controls and directs it, and which is far greater than it—the power of discrimination and of original preference—which may be likened unto the North Star by which to guide our ships of life far away from the siren voices of destruction and into the calm waters of safety.

To each of us is given the power to make or to mar. The world delays its progress only so long as man refuses or fails to act. The great guiding force of this existence is man. He has within himself the ability, the might, the potency to do all things, and even tonight obsession is scurrying in fear and dread, realizing, more than man himself, the sway of the human brain.

And civilization is marching on!

LIBRARY
BALTIMORE COL
OF
DENTAL SURG

SENIOR CLASS

SENIOR OFFICERS

LIBRARY
BALTIMORE COLLEGE OF DENTAL SURGERY

Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twelve

MOTTO:

Eventus Praemium Laboris Est.
(Success is the Reward of Toil.)

FLOWER:
Jack Rose.

COLORS:
Olive Green and White.

CLASS YELL:

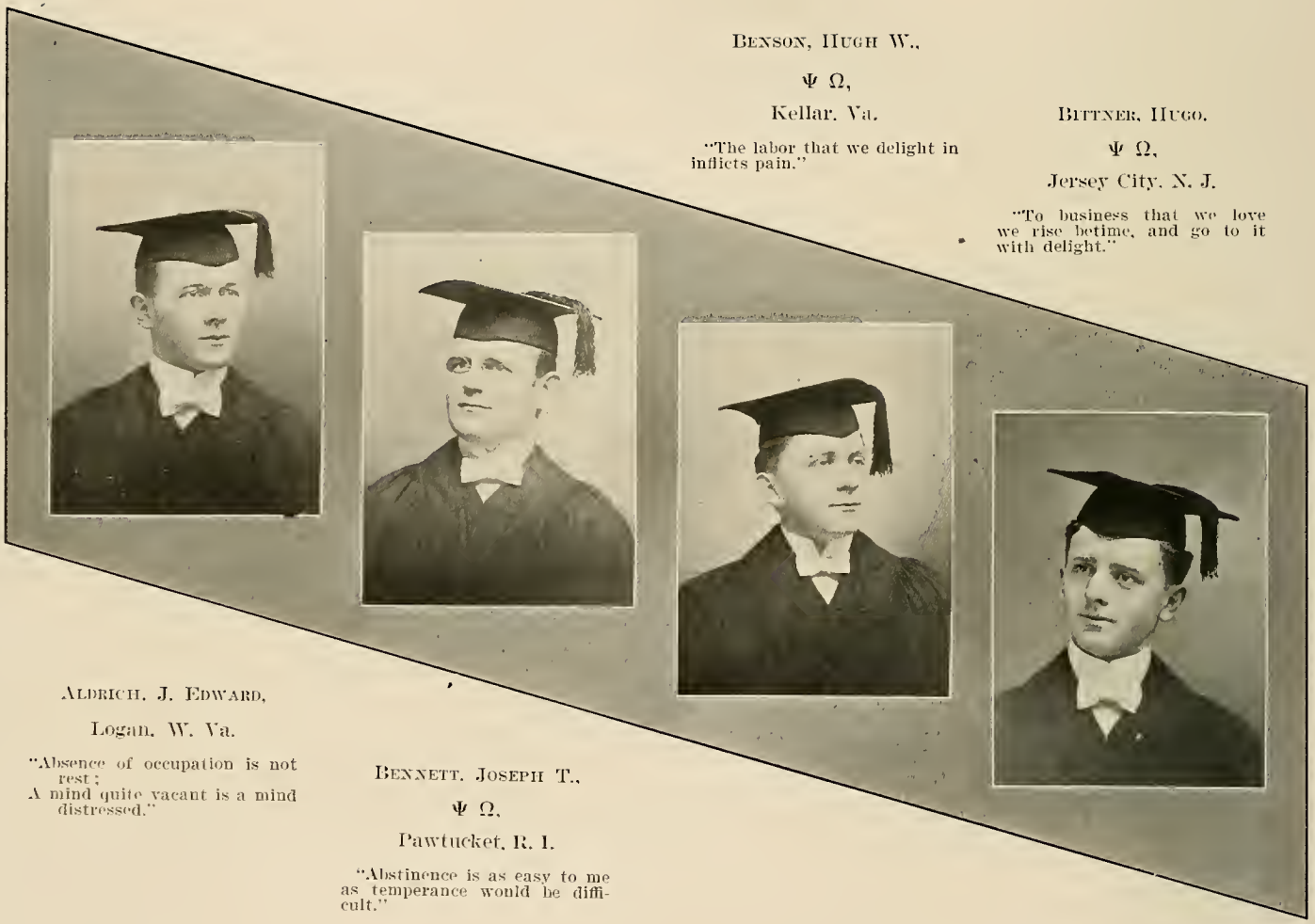
Rah! Rah! Ress!
Rah! Rah! Ress!
Seniors, Seniors; well, you bet!
Nineteen-twelve will be the best yet!

OFFICERS:

W. J. MAGUIRE,	*President.*
E. S. WEBSTER,	*Vice-President.*
G. W. KEATING,	*Secretary.*
C. W. KING,	*Treasurer.*
A. W. LOCKWOOD,	*Sergeant-at-Arms.*
L. A. CARY,	*Historian.*
M. D. MORONEY,	*Prophet.*
D. P. WHITWORTH,	*Poet.*
J. A. SMYTH,	*Artist.*
J. G. KERWIN,	*Valedictorian.*

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

J. J. MULCUNRY (*Chairman*),
J. J. SHEA,
J. L. CHRISTOPHER,
J. J. MCGREEVY.



ALDRICH, J. EDWARD,

Logan, W. Va.

"Absence of occupation is not rest;
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed."

BENNETT, JOSEPH T.,

Ψ Ω,

Pawtucket, R. I.

"Abstinence is as easy to me as temperance would be difficult."

BENSON, HUGH W.,

Ψ Ω,

Kellar, Va.

"The labor that we delight in inflicts pain."

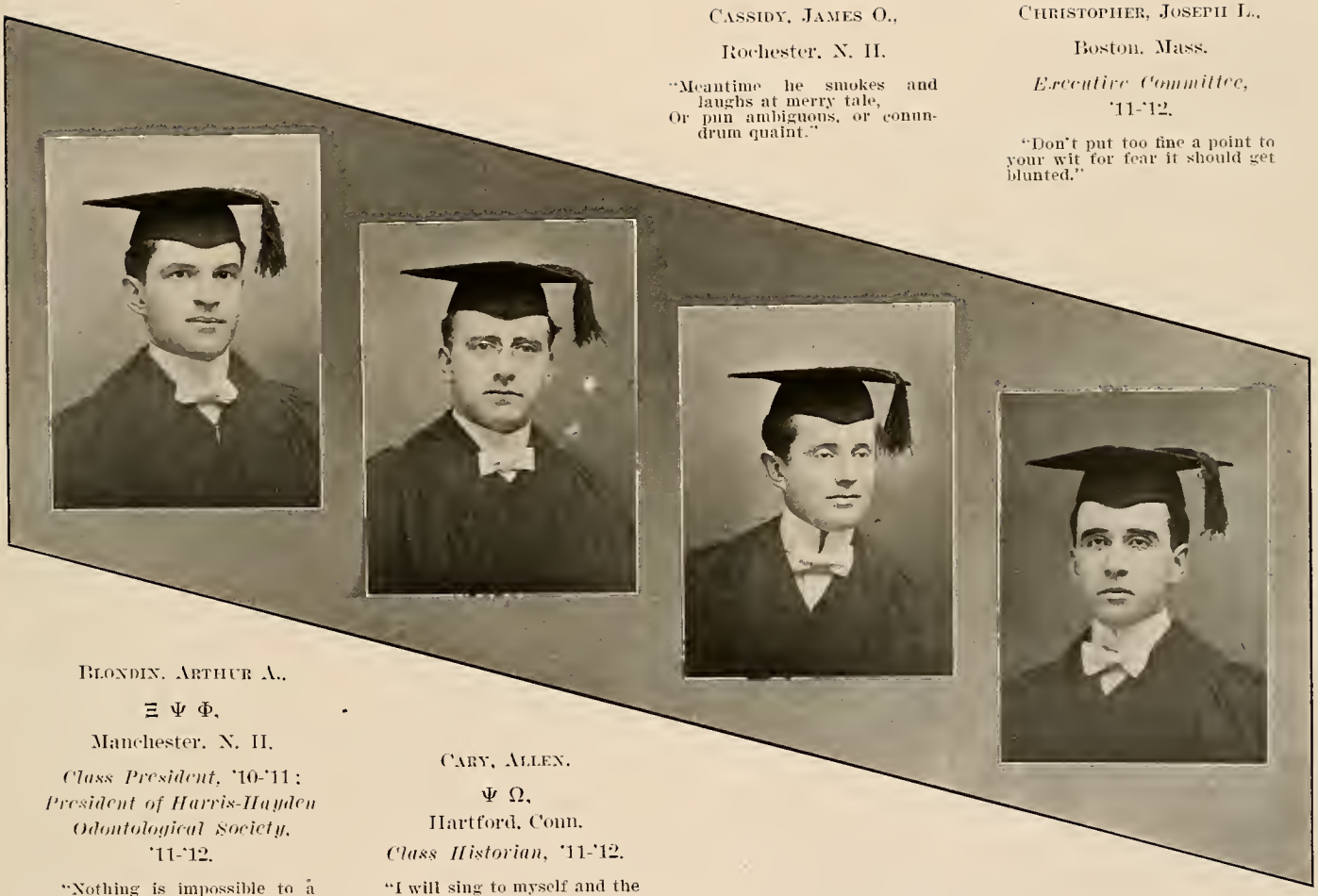
BITTNER, HUGO.

Ψ Ω,

Jersey City, N. J.

"To business that we love we rise betime, and go to it with delight."

DENTAL SURG



Blondin, Arthur A.,

Ξ Ψ Φ,

Manchester, N. H.

Class President, '10-'11;
President of Harris-Hayden Odontological Society,
'11-'12.

"Nothing is impossible to a willing heart."

Cary, Allen,

Ψ Ω,

Hartford, Conn.

Class Historian, '11-'12.

"I will sing to myself and the Muses."

Cassidy, James O.,

Rochester, N. H.

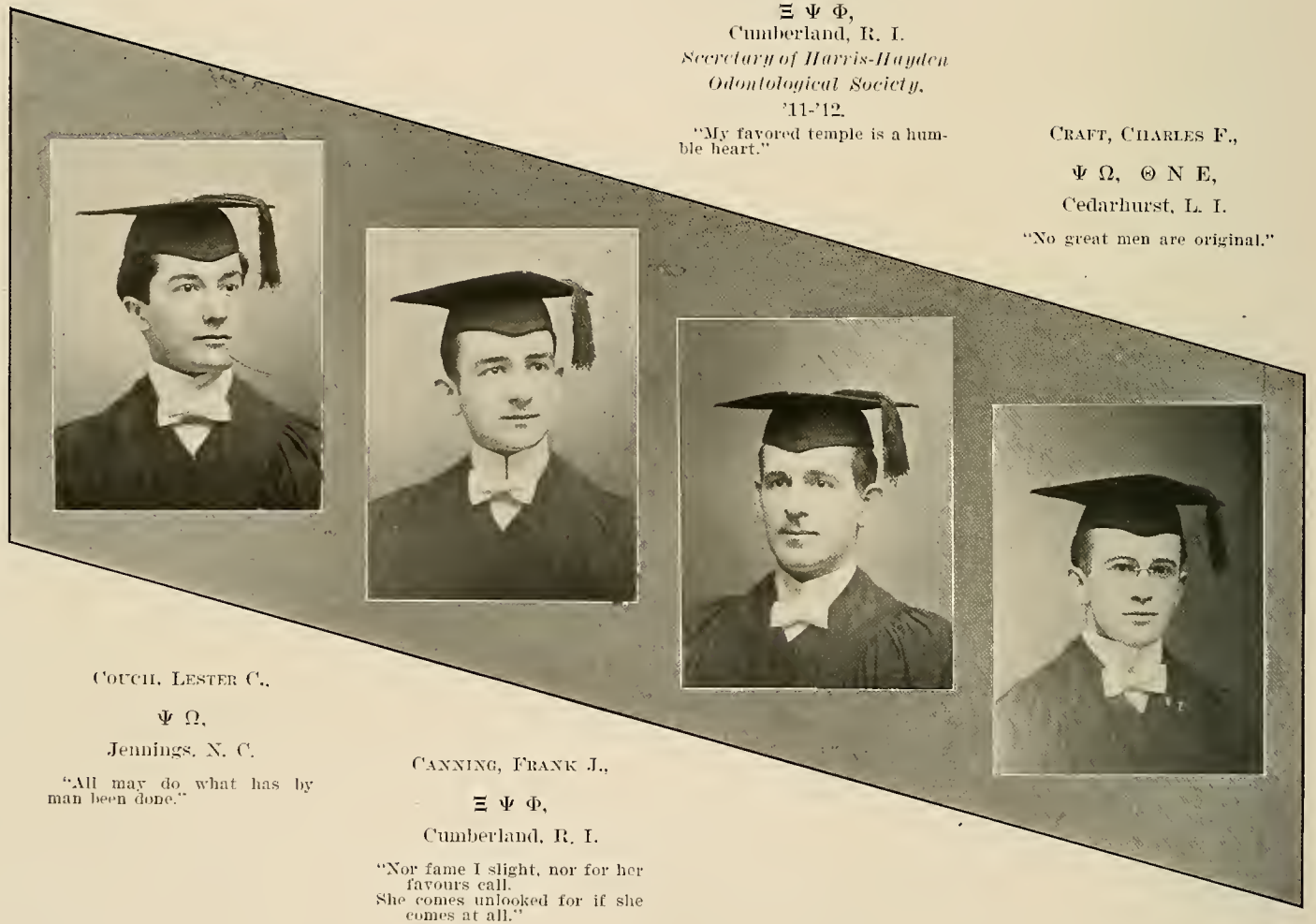
"Meantime he smokes and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint."

Christopher, Joseph L.,

Boston, Mass.

Executive Committee,
'11-'12.

"Don't put too fine a point to your wit for fear it should get blunted."



CANNING, THOMAS M.,

Ξ Ψ Φ,

Cumberland, R. I.

Secretary of Harris-Hayden Odontological Society.

'11-'12.

"My favored temple is a humble heart."

CRAFT, CHARLES F.,

Ψ Ω, Θ N E,

Cedarhurst, L. I.

"No great men are original."

COUCH, LESTER C.,

Ψ Ω,

Jennings, N. C.

"All may do what has by man been done."

CANNING, FRANK J.,

Ξ Ψ Φ,

Cumberland, R. I.

"Nor fame I slight, nor for her favours call.
She comes unlooked for if she comes at all."

DALTON, EUGENE F.,

Dorchester, Mass.

"I must mix myself with action lest I wither by dispair."

DAVIS, LUTHER A.,

Snow Hill, Md.

"He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly."

DEVANNEY, FRED A.,

Ξ Ψ Φ,

Pawtucket, R. I.

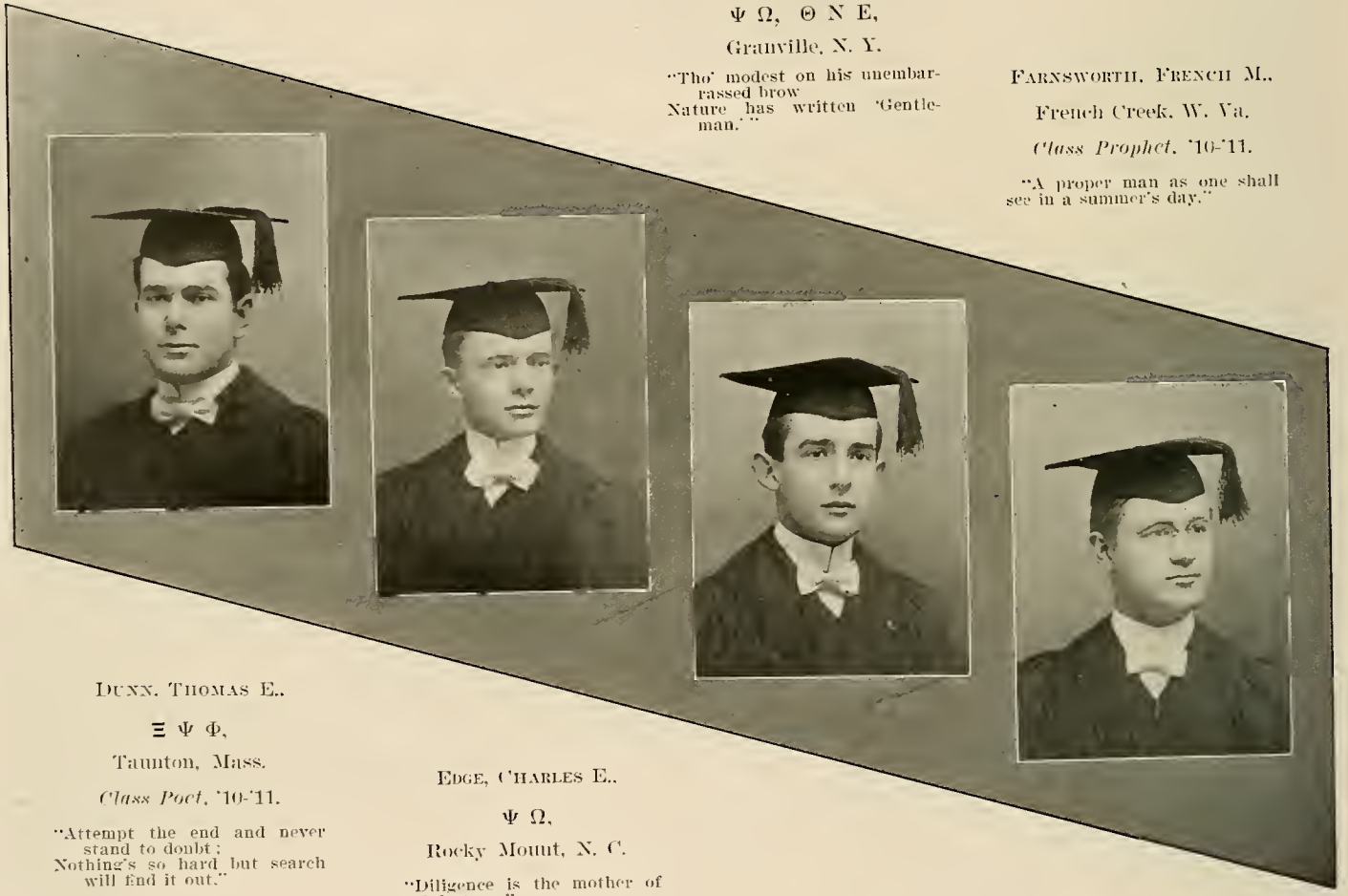
"He is so good that he would pour rosewater on a toad."

DOMINQUEZ, JESUS,

Ψ Ω,

Santa Clara, Cuba.

"Be silent always when you doubt your sense.
And speak tho' sure with seeming diffidence."



ELY, GIFFORD, L.

Ψ Ω, Θ N E,

Granville, N. Y.

"Tho' modest on his unembarrassed brow
Nature has written 'Gentleman.'"

FARNSWORTH, FRENCH M.

French Creek, W. Va.

Class Prophet, '10-'11.

"A proper man as one shall see in a summer's day."

DUNN, THOMAS E.,

Ξ Ψ Φ,

Taunton, Mass.

Class Poet, '10-'11.

"Attempt the end and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out."

EDGE, CHARLES E.,

Ψ Ω,

Rocky Mount, N. C.

"Diligence is the mother of good fortune."

FIREY, THURMAN C.,

Ξ Ψ Φ,

Hagerstown, Md.

Vice-President, '10-'11.

"He is well paid that is well satisfied."

FITZGERALD, MARION M.,

Ψ Ω,

Chatham, Va.

Secretary, '09-'10;

Subscription Editor of MIRROR, '10-'11.

"The work under our labor grows luxurious by restraint."

FARRELL, PHILIP L.,

Ψ Ω,

Boston, Mass.

"Let every man enjoy his whims;
What's he to me or I to him."

FERNANDEZ, J. CARBOLLO,

Ψ Ω,

San Juan, Porto Rico.

"I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me;
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip
But where my own did hope to sip."

FULLER, STEPHEN P.,

Ψ Ω, Θ N E,

Westernport, Md.

"Knowledge is
Bought only with a weary care
And wisdom means a world of
pain."

GRAHAM, EDWARD E.,

Ψ Ω, Θ N E,

West Harwich, Mass.

"In every rank or great or
small,
'Tis industry supports us all."

FITZGERALD, PETER B.,

Ξ Ψ Φ,

New Bedford, Mass.

Advisory Board, '11-'12.

"Begone, dull care, I prithee,
begone from me;
Begone, dull care, thou and I
shall never agree."

FITZPATRICK, JOHN J.,

Ψ Ω,

Dorchester, Mass.

"To laugh were want of good-
ness and grace,
And to be grave exceeds all
power of face."

Hitchcock, W. Grady,

Ψ Ω,

Devereux, Ga.

"Silence is more musical than any song."

Hodson, Harold C.,

Charlottetown, P. E. I., Canada.

Assistant Business Manager of Mirror, '10-'11.

"True wisdom must our action so direct
Not only the last plaudit to expect."

Givens, Leslie L.,

Newport, Va.

"The earth hath bubbles as the water has,
And these are of them."

Harrigan, Robert F.,

Sayre, Pa.

Chairman Executive Committee Harris-Haydn Odontological Society,

'11-'12.

"The task he undertakes
Is numbering sands and drinking oceans dry."

KEATING, G. WELLINGTON.

Ψ Ω,

Paterson, N. J.

Advisory Board, '10-'11;
Secretary, '11-'12.

"I am fond of the company of ladies. I like their beauty. I like their delicacy. I like their vivacity."

KERWIN, JAMES G.,

Ψ Ω,

Paterson, N. J.

Valedictorian, '11-'12.

"He that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast."

JACKSON, JAMES G.,

Ψ Ω,

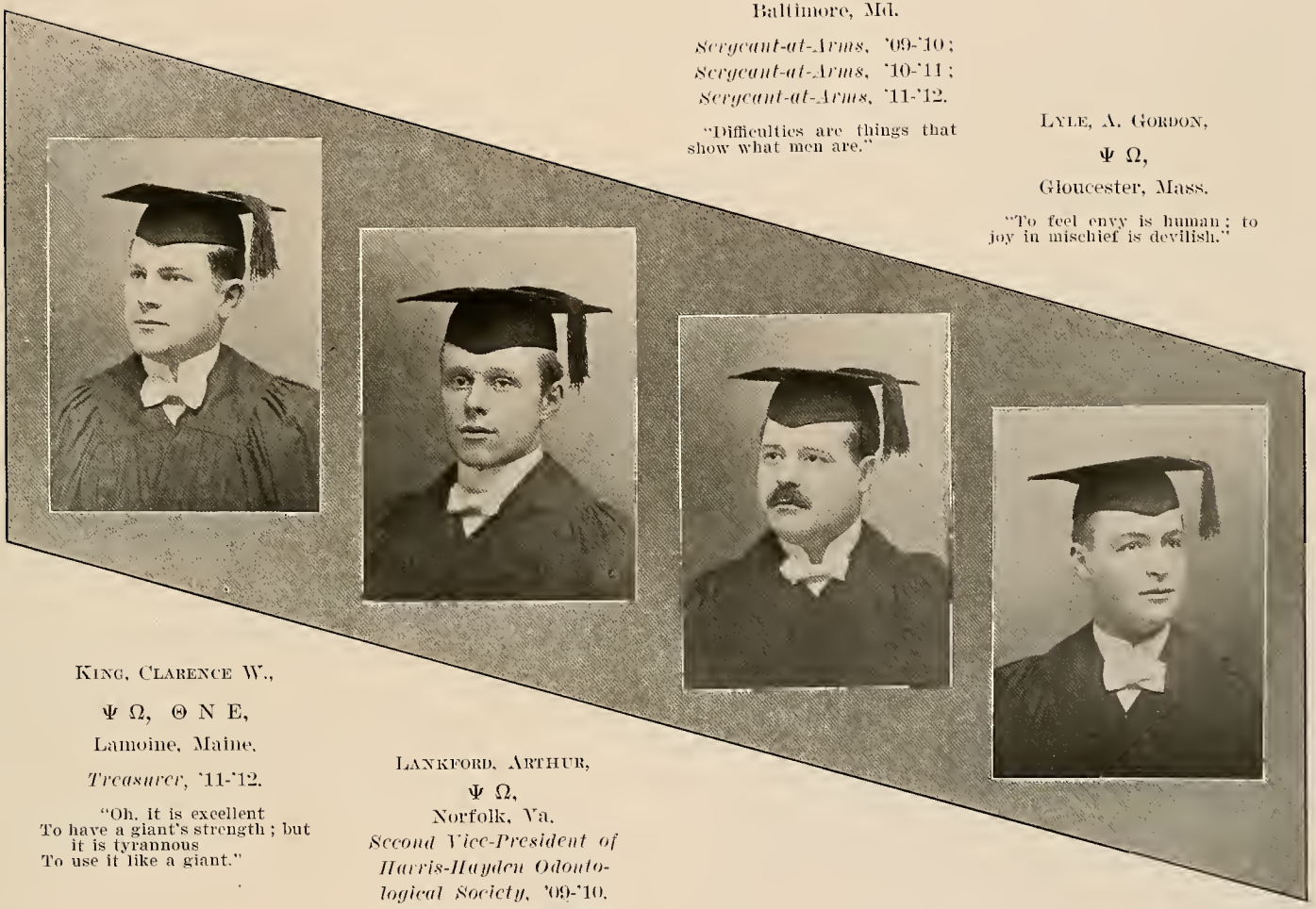
Norfolk, Va.

"If aught obstruct thy course
yet stand not still.
But wind about till thou hast
topped the hill."

KAVANAGH, THOMAS R.,

Kane, Pa.

"Look how we can, or sad or
merrily,
Interpretation will misquote
our looks."



LOCKWOOD, ALONZO W.,

Baltimore, Md.

Sergeant-at-Arms, '09-'10;
Sergeant-at-Arms, '10-'11;
Sergeant-at-Arms, '11-'12.

"Difficulties are things that show what men are."

LYLE, A. GORDON,

Ψ Ω,

Gloucester, Mass.

"To feel envy is human; to joy in mischief is devilish."

KING, CLARENCE W.,

Ψ Ω, Θ N E,

Lamoine, Maine.

Treasurer, '11-'12.

"Oh, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but
it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant."

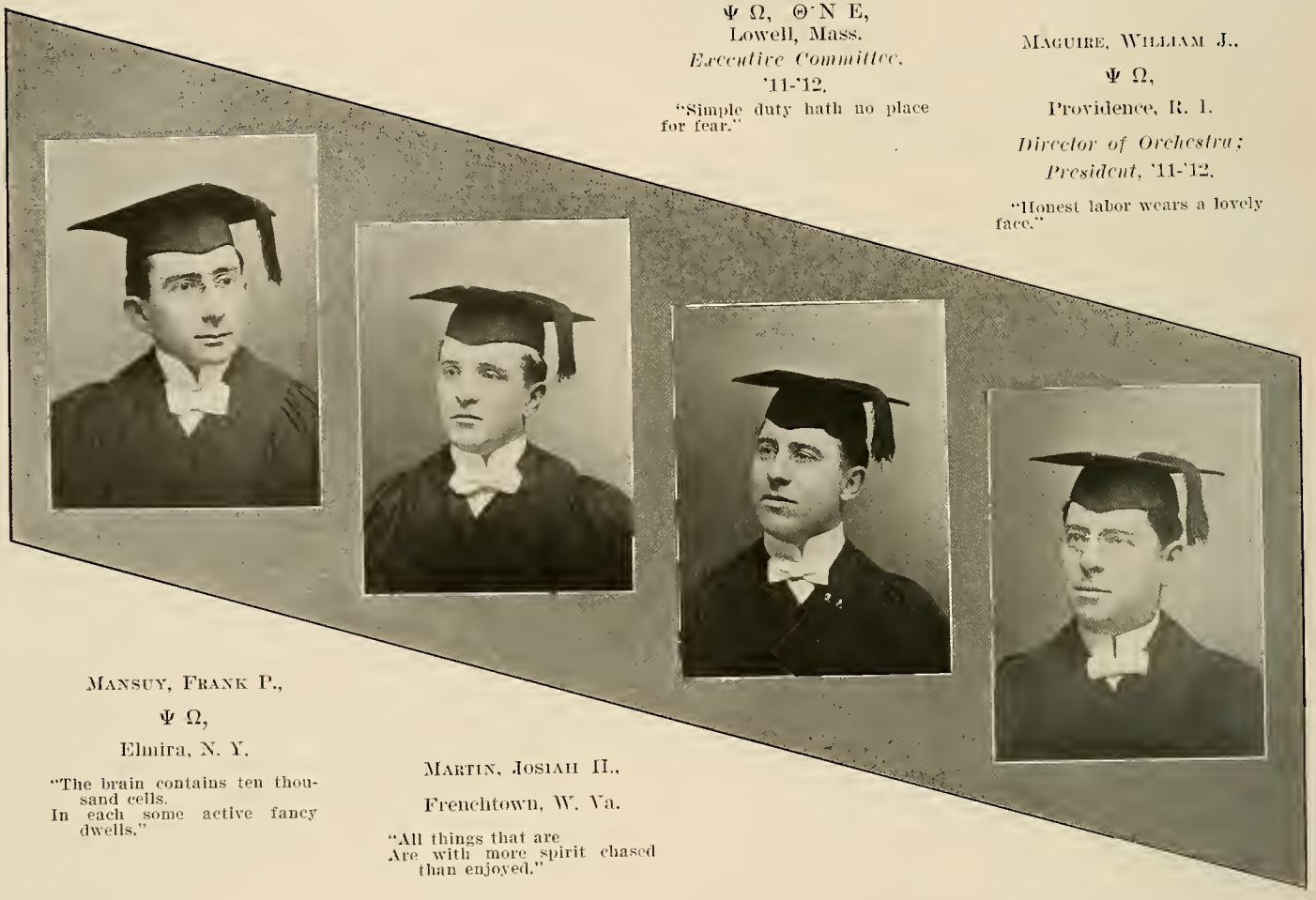
LANKFORD, ARTHUR,

Ψ Ω,

Norfolk, Va.

Second Vice-President of Harris-Hayden Odontological Society, '09-'10.

"Talk of Jacob's ladder, and he will ask you the number of steps."



McGreevy, J. Joseph,

Ψ Ω, Θ N E,

Lowell, Mass.

Executive Committee,

'11-'12.

"Simple duty hath no place for fear."

Maguire, William J.,

Ψ Ω,

Providence, R. I.

Director of Orchestra;

President, '11-'12.

"Honest labor wears a lovely face."

Mansuy, Frank P.,

Ψ Ω,

Elmira, N. Y.

"The brain contains ten thousand cells.
In each some active fancy dwells."

Martin, Josiah H.,

Frenchtown, W. Va.

"All things that are
Are with more spirit chased than enjoyed."

MULCUNRY, JAMES J.,

Unionville, Conn.

Chairman of Executive Committee, '11-'12.

"As melancholy as an unbraced drum."

NOONAN, GEORGE W.,

Ψ Ω,

Taunton, Mass.

"I had rather have a fool to make me merry
Than experience to make me sad."

MINNS, FRANK R.,

North Bedford, Mass.

"He that commends me to my own content
Commends me to the thing I cannot go."

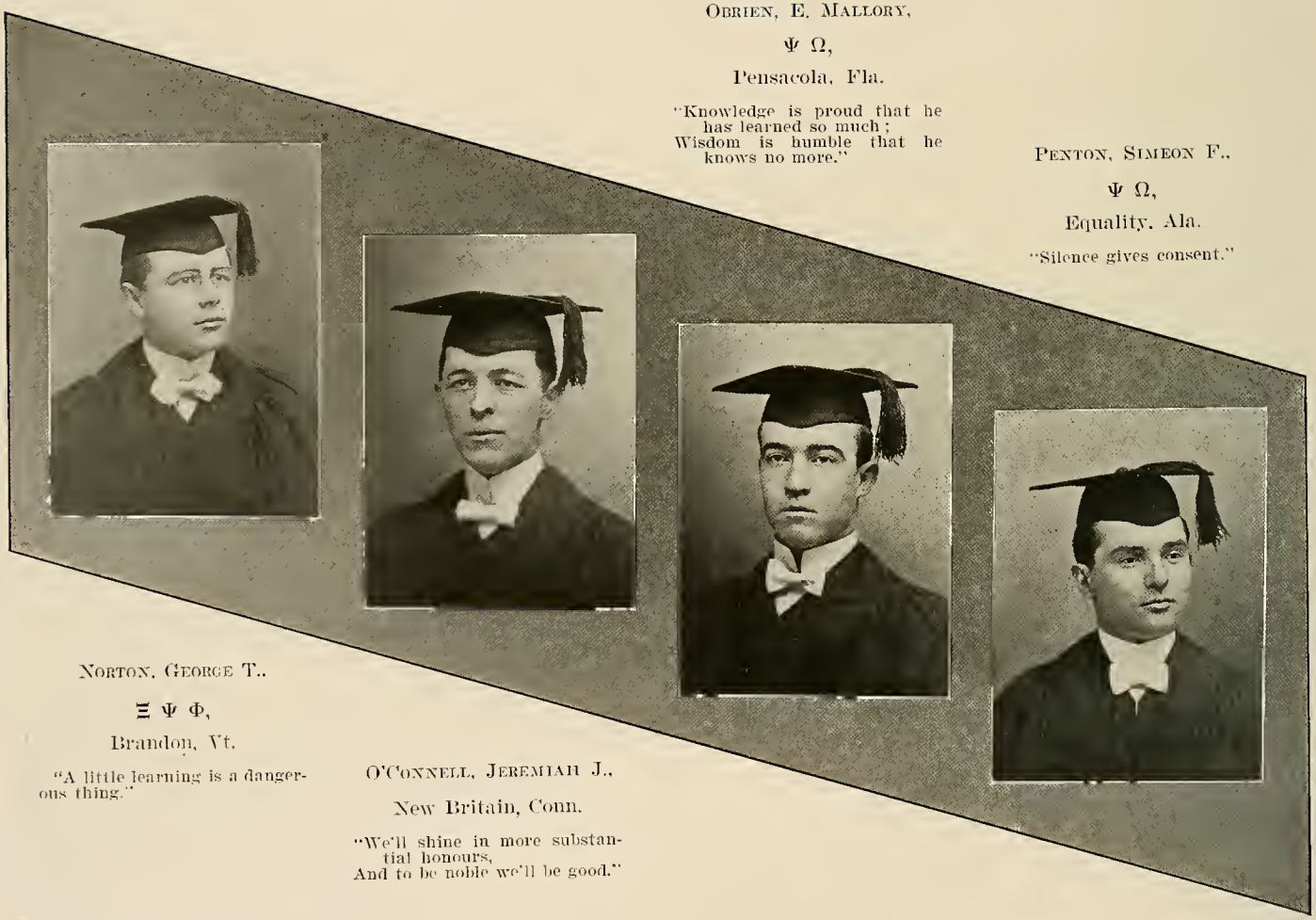
MORONEY, M. DAVIDITT,

Ξ Ψ Φ,

Collinsville, Conn.

Prophet, '11-'12.

"A willing heart adds feathers to the heel,
And makes the clown a winged Mercury."



Obrien, E. Mallory,

Ψ Ω,

Pensacola, Fla.

"Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more."

Penton, Simeon F.,

Ψ Ω,

Equality, Ala.

"Silence gives consent."

Norton, George T.,

Ξ Ψ Φ,

Brandon, Vt.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

O'Connell, Jeremiah J.,

New Britain, Conn.

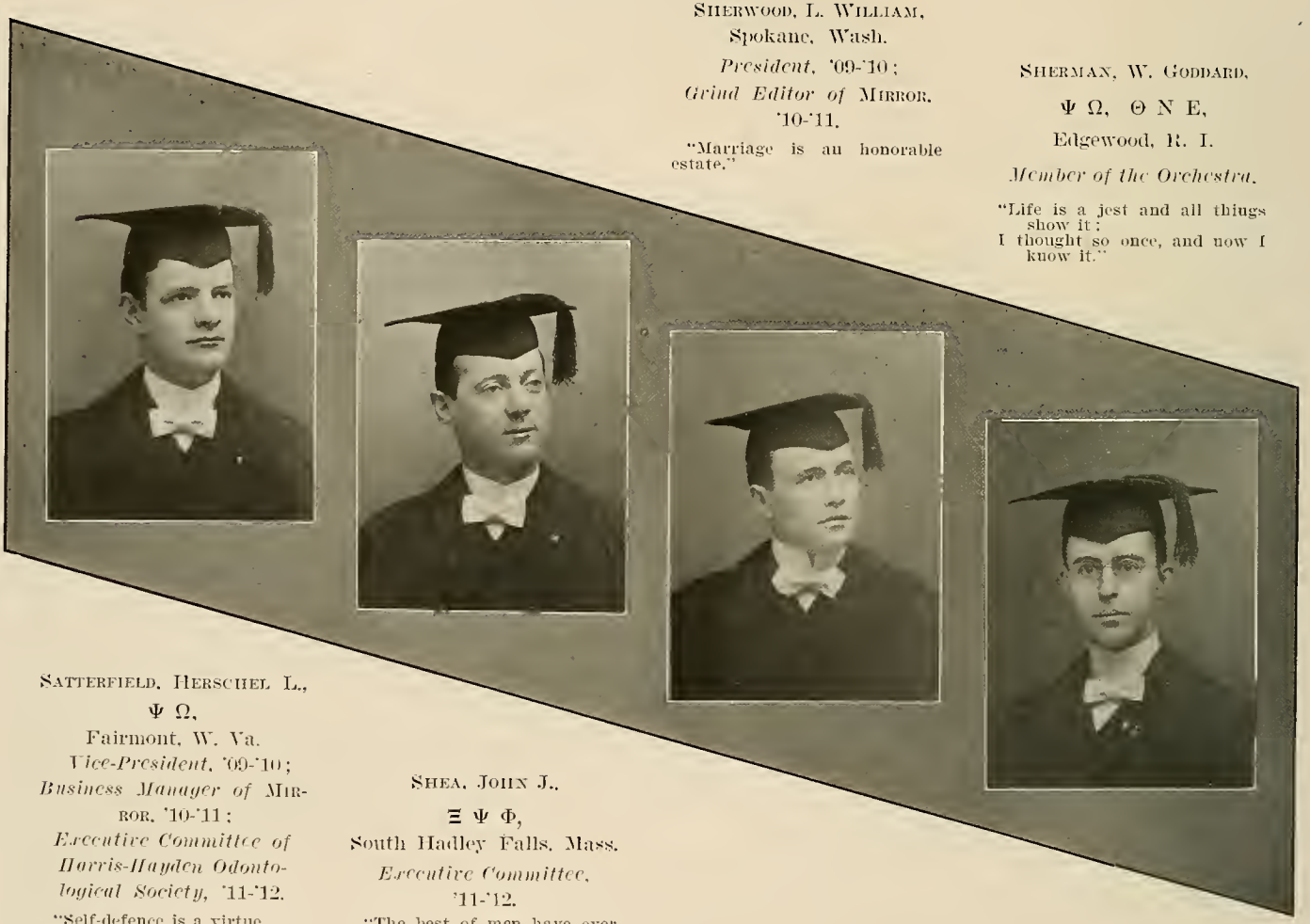
"We'll shine in more substantial honours,
And to be noble we'll be good."

Ricketts, De Witt C. K.,
Ξ Ψ Φ, Θ N E,
Point Pleasant, N. J.
Prophet, '09-'10;
Secretary, '10-'11;
Executive Committee of Harris-Haydcn Odontological Society, '11-'12.
"Full wise is he that can himself know."

Rodriquez, Luis P.,
Peñuelas, Porto Rico.
"He makes a solitude and calls it peace."

Robbins, Clement J.,
Norfolk, Va.
"All things are the worse for the wearing."

Rhein, Harry D.,
Ξ Ψ Φ,
Harrisburg, Pa.
Treasurer of Harris-Haydcn Odontological Society, '11-'12.
"They say best men are molded out of faults
And for the most become much more the better
For being a little bad."



SHERWOOD, L. WILLIAM,
Spokane, Wash.
President, '09-'10;
Grind Editor of MIRROR,
'10-'11.

"Marriage is an honorable estate."

SHERMAN, W. GODDARD,
Ψ Ω, Θ N E,
Edgewood, R. I.
Member of the Orchestra.

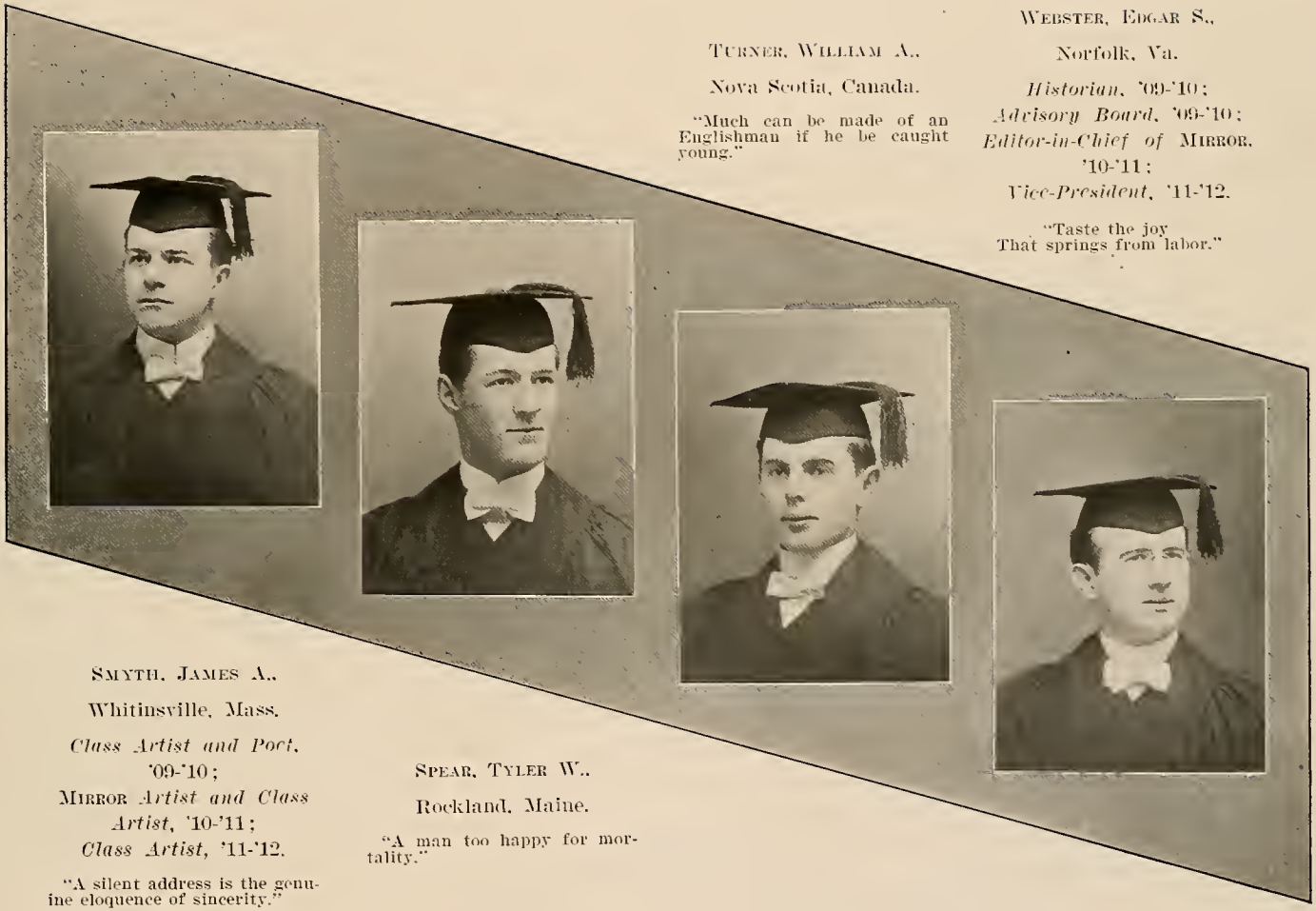
"Life is a jest and all things show it;
I thought so once, and now I know it."

SATTERFIELD, HERSCHEL L.,
Ψ Ω,
Fairmont, W. Va.
Vice-President, '09-'10;
Business Manager of MIRROR, '10-'11;
Executive Committee of Harris-Hayden Odontological Society, '11-'12.

"Self-defence is a virtue
Sole bulwark of all right."

SHEA, JOHN J.,
Ξ Ψ Φ,
South Hadley Falls, Mass.
Executive Committee,
'11-'12.

"The best of men have ever loved repose."



Smyth, James A.,

Whitinsville, Mass.

Class Artist and Poet, '09-'10;
Mirror *Artist and Class Artist*, '10-'11;
Class Artist, '11-'12.

"A silent address is the genuine eloquence of sincerity."

Spear, Tyler W.,

Rockland, Maine.

"A man too happy for mortality."

Turner, William A.,

Nova Scotia, Canada.

"Much can be made of an Englishman if he be caught young."

Webster, Edgar S.,

Norfolk, Va.

Historian, '09-'10;
Advisory Board, '09-'10;
Editor-in-Chief of Mirror, '10-'11;
Vice-President, '11-'12.

"Taste the joy
That springs from labor."

WHITE, W. KINGMAN.

Ξ Ψ Φ. Θ N E.

Savannah, Ga.

Treasurer, '09-'10;
Literary Editor of MIRROR, '10-'11;
First Vice-President of Harris-Hayden Odontological Society, '10-'11.

"Such joy ambition finds."

WHITWORTH, DONALD P.

Ψ Ω.

Westernport, Md.

Assistant Editor of MIRROR, '10-'11;
Poet, '11-'12.

"Look! He is winding up the watch of his wit;
By and by it will strike."

WOFFORD, CLARENCE D.

Ξ Ψ Φ.

Plainview, Tex.

"Rest is sweeter after strife."

YUNKERS, JOSEPH E.,

Ψ Ω,

Paterson, N. J.

"Let's teach ourselves that honorable stop
Not to outsport discretion."

Senior Class History

IN giving the history of a class there are related simply the deeds which it has accomplished. When the Historian attempts to write a history of such a unique and wonderful class as the Class of 1912, he will have to bring forth only the most important events, unless he is allowed to write volumes. In the memorable year 1909, this class was enrolled in the oldest dental college in the world. Something, however, seemed to characterize this class from the very start. As all students are well aware, the hazing in our case was accomplished with much difficulty by the upper classmen, who gradually came to realize what an addition our class was to the welfare of the college.

It seemed that no sooner had we become somewhat accustomed to studies the Xmas examinations were upon us, these being carefully taken care of. The holidays being happily spent by all, we were better fitted and more than willing to put our time to good hard study.

As winter drifted into warm, balmy spring days our class was ready to meet our upper classmen, the Juniors, on equal terms for the first time in the notable "Baseball Game," in which we showed our superiority by a score of 25 to 2.

The final examinations were most admirably passed, and our boys left to all parts of the world, where, after spending the summer in a most enjoyable way, we met once more at the dear old college as mighty Juniors. We then took upon our shoulders the responsibility of the college—that of training our lower classmen in the right way to become proficient dentists. This at first had to be accomplished by two hazings, which thoroughly imbedded in the Freshmen's minds the supremacy of our class.

We showed remarkable skill in both dissecting and chemical laboratory. Our studies by this time seemed more a pastime than a duty.

Remarkable papers were read in debates by our boys before meetings of the Harris-Hayden Odontological Society. Dances would have been impossible were it not for our class, which by this time had become known as the brightest ever enrolled.

As a large number of the class were accustomed to the operations of the X-ray machine, the faculty thought best to install one for the benefit of the few who had not as yet operated one.

We wasted no time, and before we were aware of the fact the title of "Honorable Senior" was bestowed upon us. To show our superiority we produced the largest operative clinic ever obtained in the history of the college.

Through us this year the Harris-Hayden Odontological Society has the honor to be the first contributor to the Harris Memorial Fund. It will eventually cause the erection, in some one of the many beautiful parks of Baltimore, of a memorial to one of the founders of our noble profession.

Many balls have been enjoyed and largely attended in the ballroom of the college. The orchestra was composed of college students and led by our noble "president."

It has been seen that through all the three short years of our career this Class of 1912 has stood first in all its undertakings, and has been the success of the college during that time.

Alas! it has become our lot to separate. This is the only sad moment in our college life, yet it is just the beginning of each individual career, which will bring forth men of importance and renown.

As all great men leave something which forever keeps them in the remembrance and esteem of their friends and future generations, so this Senior Class of 1912 leaves to coming generations a record to prove the worth of our "noble profession."

L. A. Carey.

Senior Class Prophecy

ONE Sunday afternoon early in February I sat in my room, my mind wandering back to the time when we, as strangers, first met at the doors of our old Alma Mater and thinking of all of the pleasant relations formed during our Freshman and Junior years which must soon be broken. It was while in this frame of mind that I fell into a trance and was carried on the wings of time far into the future.

It was one beautiful April morning in the year 1925 that I decided to take a much-needed vacation and visit my old classmates.

Entering the train in my home town, I made my way to Providence. I looked up our class president, Maguire, and found him playing in a moving-picture parlor, and he was looking prosperous. He told me that he had made enough money in his 12 years' practice to rent a moving-picture outfit and was doing a rushing business. Inquiring for Bennett, Maguire informed me that he was a salesman for a dental supply house. Leaving Maguire and walking down the main street of the city, I entered a drug store, and was surprised to find Sherman dispensing "ipecac." I asked of Sherman as to the whereabouts of Devanney, and he pointed to a small store across the street, over which was the sign, "F. A. Devanney, Hardware and Plumbing." Leaving Sherman, I proceeded to Cumberland, and found Tom Canning back on the farm leading the simple life. He told me Frank, his brother, was clerking in a shoe store in Baltimore—when not attending choir rehearsals.

Proceeding to Boston, I arrived in that city early in the afternoon, and having a few moments to myself, I strolled down one of the principal thoroughfares. Passing a theater my attention was attracted by a sign on the billboard reading: "Farrell's Minstrels Tonight." Going in, I was surprised to find Phil Farrell managing a large company, with Noonan and Turner as end men. Farrell directed me to the "Woman's Dental College," where I found McGreevy in the role of dean. On the faculty were P. B. Fitzgerald and Christopher, the abscess exerts. McGreevy told me Lyle had given up his practice and gone back whaling. Taking a street car to Dorchester, I found Fitzpatrick racking up balls in Dalton's pool-room. Proceeding to New Bedford, I found Minns had joined the "White Wings," and was doing a "sweeping" business. From here I went to South Hadley Falls and found Shea one of the most successful dentists there, having all of the street car trade. Shea informed me that Dunn had given up dentistry

for a position as claim agent for the street railway company. Over in West Harwich I found Graham reporting for the "West Harwich Balloon," with Smyth as cartoonist.

Leaving Massachusetts, I invaded New Hampshire. In Manchester I found Blondin in the butcher business. From here I proceeded to Rochester, where I decided to spend the night. I was escorted to my room in the hotel by Cassidy, in the capacity of "bellhop." Cassidy told me that Norton had gone West to pose for moving pictures.

From New Hampshire I traveled to Rockland, Maine, where I was told Spear was a trapper and guide. King, I learned, was taking a post-graduate course in comparative anatomy, specializing in "Crustacea."

Leaving the States for a short period, I proceeded to Canada, where I found Hodgson carrying the hod.

A pleasant trip via Niagara Falls brought me to the Empire State. I took the D. S. & W. for Elmira and looked up Mansuy, who was carrying Western Union messages. He enlightened me to the fact that Ely had gone to Porto Rico, and was a successful banana merchant. From here I passed through New York City and took the Long Island Railway to Cedarhurst, where I found Craft a bouncer in "The Janitors' Club."

From Cedarhurst I made my way to Point Pleasant, N. J., where I found Ricketts checking bathing suits. He said Bittner had left Jersey the week previous and had gone to Germany for a "frau." My next stop being Paterson, I looked up Yunker, and found him delivering meat. He informed me that Keating was in Buffalo, being a trusted employe of the Buffalo Forge Works. Kerwin, he said, had missed his vocation, and had gone to Chicago, where he was employed in the stockyards.

Going to Harrisburg, I looked up Rhein, and found him a cash boy in a large department store. I spent the evening with Rhein at the theater, and afterward, while walking around, was astonished to find Kavanaugh carrying a Salvation Army banner.

Leaving Harry, I went back to Elmira, and after a pleasant horseback ride arrived at a town(?) called Sayre. I inquired for Harrigan, and found him sweeping out the same old cigar store. As usual, he was complaining about the weather, and anxiously awaiting the coming of "June."

Baltimore being the next stop, I looked up Lockwood, and found him again swinging the club. Journeying to Hagerstown, I found Firey head bartender in a large hotel. Firey said Whitworth was with a professional baseball team (carrying water), while Fuller had gone back to the mines.

From here I went to Fairmont, W. Va., and found Satterfield working in a laundry. Aldridge I found working in a livery stable. He told me that Farnsworth, Martin and Webster had gone to India as missionaries.

I then proceeded to Norfolk, Va., where I found Robbins owner of a large circus by the same name; Davis was selling tickets for the sideshow, and Lankford was doing a Spanish wrestling stunt. Robbins directed me to an art institute, where I found Jackson acting as a model. From here I went to Newport, and was walking down a side street when I heard a familiar voice. Turning, I found it to be Givens, peddling fish, with Benson driving the team. I was told that Fitzgerald has deserted Virginia for the cornfields of North Carolina.

While traveling to North Carolina, I bought a paper and read of the "State Bode" of Dentistry holding a meeting and electing Edge as president. Couch was a victim of the hookworm, and had given up dentistry.

Feeling fatigued, I spent the night in Raleigh, and left early the following day for Georgia. Arriving at the railway station in Savannah, I had my baggage checked by White, who was the clerk of that department.

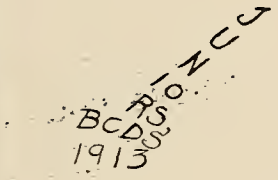
My next stop was Pensacola, Fla. I found O'Brien following the "ponies." I took the boat for Cuba, and found Dominquez employed as a waiter in a restaurant. He told me Fernandez and Rodriquez had retired from active practice. Returning to Florida, I made my way to Mobile, Ala., where I found Penton and Hitchcock running a broom factory to supply "Bunny."

A long ride carried me to Plainview, Tex., and a large electric sign informed me that Wofford was advertising. The journey from here to Spokane, Wash., was a long one, but I arrived safe and sound, and found Sherwood employed in a department store as floor-walker.

A coast-to-coast ride brought me to my home State. I arrived in Hartford on Sunday, and had the pleasure of listening to a sermon by Carey, who preferred preaching to dentistry. From Hartford I went to New Britain, where I saw a large sign reading, "Jerry O'Connell, Progressive Dentist." Entering the place, I met Mulcunry, who was the handy man around the office, but was told that I could not see O'Connell without an appointment.

I was about to continue my journey toward home when I was suddenly awakened by my roommate calling me for dinner.

PROPHET.



This
is the
year, Filled
full of Fame For
this great class That
bears its name
'13 will bring suc-
cess to each and
we will pass all
the Doctors teach
more than this it
will do, When in
the Spring State
Boards will come
Then we'll ring
in It will start
us out of old B.C.
D.S. and give us
the name Of hav-
ing been its best
Thru all our lives
its good fortune will go lead
ing us on To capture the dough.

Thirteen will see us Thru
all our trials making us happy
all the while. Thirteen will be
The first in the fray, To raise up the
standard of Dental Sur-
gery. She it will be Who will
lower the rate
Of the number of
deaths, In every
state She'll bring
to light many a dare
For what now there is
nothing sure. More
over thirteen will
bring To all of us
here The best of good health And
lots of good cheer And when in old
age we look o'er our life. We'll find
old Thirteen. Has helped in the strife
Then twill cheer our hearts. As our
lives we look o'er To see B.C.D.S. where it
stood before. The best of all colleges
and greatest in fame All due to the
class. That now bears its name.

R.A.H.

LIBRARY
BALTIMORE COLLEGE
OF
DENTAL SURGERY.

Juniors

JUNIOR OFFICERS

Class of Nineteen Hundred and Thirteen

MOTTO:

Non Sibi, Sed Omnibus.
(Not for Self, but for All.)

FLOWER:
White Carnation.

COLORS:
Blue and Orange.

CLASS YELL:

Ica, Laca, Aberdeen!
Juniors, Juniors, '13!
Up you wise ones,
Yell with zest,
B. C. D. S.,
Good, Better, Best!

OFFICERS:

R. A. TURLINGTON,	*President.*
T. K. MCALEESE,	*Vice-President.*
J. R. MCGRATH,	*Secretary.*
F. P. O'SHEA,	*Treasurer.*
W. A. TURNER,	*Historian.*
A. G. MCCUE,	*Prophet.*
G. L. KREUGER,	*Poet.*
T. R. HENNIGAR,	*Sergeant-at-Arms.*

JUNIOR CLASS

JUNIOR ROLL CALL

ALLEN, H. S., ... Canada
BASTEY, O. D., ... Massachusetts
BASTEDO, A. C., ... New York
BUMPASS, R. J., ... Texas
BOYLEN, M. H., ... Massachusetts
BOWNESS, F., ... Canada
CALLERY, C. E., ... Rhode Island
CABELLERO, L. A., ... Porto Rico
COLON, E., ... Porto Rico
CAIRNS, A. L., ... Massachusetts
COROSO, T. T., ... Connecticut
DAVIS, J. H., ... Virginia
DEROCHE, H. F., ... Canada
DOREMUS, H. W., ... New Jersey
FRANCESCH, A., ... Cuba
FITZPATRICK, J. J., ... Connecticut
FIELDS, P., ... North Carolina
HENNIGAR, G. R., ... Canada
HARRIGAN, J. J., ... Pennsylvania
HOLLINGSWORTH, W. M., . . . North Carolina
HOGUE, R. A., ... New York
JOHNS, J. E., ... Virginia
KELLEY, W. H., ... New York
KLUTTIG, P. O., ... Connecticut
KREUGER, G. L., ... North Carolina
KOCHENOUR, P. G., ... Pennsylvania
LOWCOCK, R. E., ... Massachusetts
LE TOURNEAU, P. G., ... Maine
MCCUE, A. G., ... West Virginia
MCALEESE, T. K., ... Canada
MCKENNA, L. F., ... Canada
MCGRATH, J. M., ... Massachusetts
MCANDREWS, A., ... Massachusetts
MASTERTON, J., ... Massachusetts
MARTIN, E. L., ... New York
MICKENS, G. E., ... New Jersey
MULLEN, M. E., ... Connecticut
MILLER, F. W., ... Maryland
NOCK, J. T., ... Virginia
O'SHEA, F., ... Massachusetts
PARTRIDGE, J. J., ... Massachusetts
ROGERS, M. E., ... Texas
RUMAN, J. C., ... New York
SUCHORSKI, V. A., ... New Jersey
STANFORD, C. W. L., ... Canada
SARGENT, C. F., ... Massachusetts
SCHALL, H. W., ... Pennsylvania
TAYLOR, H. E., ... New Jersey
TURNER, W. A., ... Massachusetts
TURLINGTON, R. A., ... North Carolina
TINCHER, T. L., ... West Virginia
VERVILLE, A. A., ... Maine
WAINWRIGHT, G. C., ... North Carolina
WELSH, G. E., ... North Carolina

History of Class of 1913

IN chronicling the history of the Class of 1913 it will be necessarily brief. No one expects to find the achievements of each individual set forth, nor can we, in the limited space allotted to us, enlarge on the brilliancy of the class as a whole. We cannot interpret our feelings when we turn and look back to the beginning of our college days. The mystery of the future has been swept away. Strange faces, gathered from all parts of the world, which made up the class have now become friends and companions, each interested in the other's welfare, and doubly interested in upholding the good name of the B. C. D. S.

We are proud of our class, and each individual member is proud that he belongs to the class, and with this feeling uppermost in our minds, we are treading the path of duty and study, surmounting all difficulties, and endeavoring to merit the approval of the faculty.

The first event of importance during our Junior year was our election of class officers. This was closely followed by the annual "melee" with the Freshmen. This happened on the 10th day of the 10th month, exactly 10 minutes after 10 o'clock. Words cannot do justice to the occasion. It was truly "une conflict terrible," and while the Historian does not intend to enter into the details of the fight, it is decidedly modest to say that our class was unquestionably the master of the hour. It is equally modest to relate that the "Freshies" were the "whitest" class even seen during the history of the college (thanks to the generous supply of plaster on hand). To judge the affray by the aspect presented after the cessation of hostilities, one would surely say that "somethin's been doin'." Lectures were suspended for the day, and many a week had passed before the traces of the conflict were obliterated. Emerging from this, the Class of 1913 stood as a typical representation of courage, energy and honor.

Notwithstanding the fact that we had thus acquitted ourselves, it was plain to be seen that not all of our laurels were to be won on the field of battle; other honors were in store for us. Hardly had the "smoke of the fight" cleared away when we were summoned before the bar of criticism to make known our ability in the literary world by publishing the College Annual.

At the College of Physicians and Surgeons we fully demonstrated the fact that we are able to perform all kinds of surgical operations, from severing the branches of the maxillary artery to the amputa-

tion of the extensor-ossis-metacarpi-pollicis muscles; also numerous other operations. Our demonstrator proudly informed us that we had accomplished more in a single night than any medical student had in a week.

In the chemical laboratory we have shown skill that was almost beyond human comprehension. We have manufactured salts that were soluble, and soluble salts that were insoluble. We have produced precipitates, the color of which would put to shame even the most learned of chemists.

Now we find ourselves nearing the end of our second year in college. Of the record we have made on the pages of history we are proud—no blot is seen. We have remembered that "*qui non proficit, deficit*," and have made progress worthy of note. Our future is what we make it. I can but predict one of glorious achievements for the Class of 1913. When we shall thrust aside these sombre robes of college days and with resolute endeavor enter the arena of life's work, then shall we discard the mantle of modesty that we have worn so long and shall take our places on the uncrowned heights of fame and honor which the ages have reserved for us.

HISTORIAN.

'13 Prophecy

IT is related that a Priestess of Apollo sat on her throne at the Delphian Oracle and there, while inhaling the fumes of an erupting volcano, became intoxicated, and in this stupefied condition was able to fortell the future of her people. But, ah! the class prophet of '13 did not become insensible by consuming the smoke of a burning mountain. Far worse; he came to the state of dreamland while inspiring the fumes of boarding-house soup.

At first all became dark and spooky, but after realizing that there was nothing to harm me, I pleasantly sailed into the state of profound anesthesia. My first inspiration was a great one—the Class of 1913 will be one of the best which has ever left old B. C. D. S.

Then remembering some of my classmates individually; the first one was Charles Willis Leopold Stanford, from Chester, Nova Scotia. This man will capture the diamond medal with the distinction of having no competition. He will be a favorite among the fair sex, who already are demanding that no one be allowed to do their dental work except this noble son of Canada's.

Passing on to the dignified chap, Lowcock, you will be surprised to know that he will never again attempt to put a Freshman out of lecture-hall if "the insignificant one" happens to come in for roll call. Dick will replace Lyle in the Dean's quizs; that of answering for the Freshmen when they are unable to speak for themselves (which occurs very often).

Old Rogers from Texas, the Lonestar State, the State which does not teach its native sons "to make smoke come out of their eyes" (Bumpass is not a native). Well, this man is to be a great leader in dental circles. His modesty and consciousness will keep him back to a certain extent, but boys, you will all be envious of him when he is awarded two or three prizes for his operative skill.

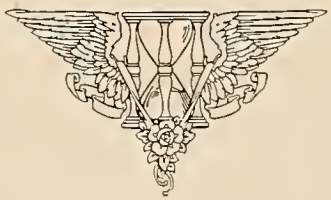
Look out! Here is a scorcher! Jack Partridge, Shorty Michens and Doc Sargent will attend all lectures! To find one of this trio absent from a single lecture will be a wireless to the president of the class to send a committee which will attend the unfortunate one during his illness. Jack will be in the east laboratory at twenty minutes to nine each morning, eagerly awaiting the opening of the lecture-hall and belly-aching because lectures do not start at eight-thirty.

Doremus will be the most dignified member of the Senior Class. He will plead with the Juniors not to haze the Freshmen, because it is so unbecoming a class of grown men.

Coroso will no longer sing, but to make him stop talking about the twenty-five bucks he used to make each week behind the drug counter one will have to bury him under five feet of sod.

Some of the boys will keep in the same old path, doing "not what we can, but doing what we must"; others will surpass their previous records, and their names will go down on the tablet of success. Those whom may be found at Traymore Casino night and day are—Ouch! a bean swelling up and popping threw hot soup on my hands and I was awakened.

PROPHET.



JUNIORS' REVENGE

It was a night in October,
And the Freshmen forlorn
Were asleep in their beds, waiting for morn;
Footsteps galore; a loud knock on the door
Was heard above the Freshmen's loud snore.

Up from their sleep
They were dragged to their feet,
Hurriedly dressed and rushed to the street;
Whither bound they knew not where,
Huddled and cuddled with a vacant stare.

All in a row
They were forced to go
To lockstep time with heads bowed low;
Coats inside out and faces all a-smear,
Again such a sight will never appear.

First to a car,
Then a jam and a jar,
Led to a fate in a place very far;
Laughed and jeered at wherever they went,
Relieved of their money; yes, every blooming cent.

Led into the dark
At Druid Hill Park,
Where there wasn't a light, not even a spark;
Here and there over hill and dale—
The path was long—an unbroken trail.

In a lonely nook
Near a dreary brook,
Frightened and weary they shivered and shook;
Coats and shoes from them were taken,
Led astray and finally forsaken.

What an awful position,
In this blindfolded condition;
Minutes flew by, 'twas a long intermission;
A faint call here, with an answer from there—
Together they gathered, stepping with care.

All ragged and torn—
'Twas now almost morn—
With heavy feet and money all gone;
On they plowed, more dead than alive—
Back home they arrived; it was now almost five.

And what of the heroes?
Who did they compose?
In the hall of fame their names repose.
'Twas the mighty Juniors, these conquerors bold,
Long may they live, their power untold.

G. L. K., JR.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO "PAUL REVERE'S RIDE")

Listen, my children,
And you shall hear
Of the greatest story
In many a year.

'Tis the tale of classmates
Who come to us here,
With wonderful pasts
And great careers.

The first is Coroso,
A druggist renowned;
He smokes some cigars
That are quite big and round.

Then Turlington comes,
Full jolly and gay;
He was once a barber,
But will doctor some day.

Then Butler the agent,
Who spent his past time
Selling a drug
Called "aspytodyne."

Callery the conductor,
With Doremus, too;
They'll both have the coin
Before they get through.

Le Tourneau the doctor,
From way up in Maine,
Must take his State Board,
But will pass just the same.

"Casey Jones" Tincture,
Of him you all know;
He'll surely get through
If you give him a show.

Kluttig of Germany,
So I've been told,
Used to engrave,
But will now pack in gold.

Bastey, past dentist,
Of the best in the class,
But here to get theory,
His State Board to pass.

The motorman old,
"Dick" Lowcock by name,
Steered us through one year
With honor and fame.

Jimmy John the farmer,
Both gentle and meek,
Will thrive in dentistry
At ten dollars a week.

R. A. H., '13.

An Apology

Being unable to entirely fill this book with interesting material, we have devoted a few of the following pages to the freshmen, for which we apologize to our seniors.—EDITORS

FRESHMAN

LIBRARY
TIMORE COLLEGE
OF
DENTAL SURGERY

FRESHMAN OFFICERS

Freshman Class Officers

MOTTO:

Labor Omnia Vincit.

(Labor Conquers All.)

FLOWER:

Red Rose.

COLORS:

Purple and Gold.

YELL:

Ma-ma.

OFFICERS:

H. ROBERTS,	*President.*
J. J. CORLEY,	*Vice-President.*
E. S. WEST,	*Secretary.*
J. SIDLEY,	*Treasurer.*
R. O. WILLIAMSON,	*Historian.*
F. MCBRIDE,	*Poet.*
J. J. GOCKE,	*Artist.*
A. WRIGHT,	*Sergeant-at-Arms.*

RY
COLLEGE
SURGERY

FRESHMAN CLASS

FRESHMEN ROLL CALL

ABERNATHY, G. H., ... North Carolina
ALBERIN, A., ... Cuba
BURNS, S. O., ... New Jersey
BUTLER, S. E., ... North Carolina
CASTO, D. B., ... Maryland
COMLEY, W. C., ... West Virginia
CRISP, L. A., ... Virginia
CLOUTIER, G. A., ... Maine
COUPAL, J. F., ... Canada
CORLEY, J. J., ... Vermont
DOCHELLI, H. A., ... Connecticut
DRISCOLL, A. V., ... New Jersey
DAVISON, R. L., ... British Columbia
DOORE, J. C., ... Canada
FERNOS, G., ... Porto Rico
GILPATRICK, O. E., ... Maine
GOCKE, J. J., ... West Virginia
GOODWIN, R., ... Maine
HERRON, B., ... West Virginia
HUNTER, T. B., ... Virginia
HUFF, F., ... New Jersey
HUFF, H., ... New Jersey
HARRISON, J. H., ... Pennsylvania
HUGHES, S. V., ... Massachusetts
HILL, R. J., ... Massachusetts
LAFFIN, F. P., ... Maine
LYON, G. A., ... Venezuela
MONSERRAT, J., ... Porto Rico
MASON, O. H., ... Virginia
MCRAE, V., ... Canada
MCBRIDE, F. P., ... Rhode Island
MCFARLAND, J. E. A., ... Maryland
MCWHORTER, R., ... West Virginia
MCDONALD, N. H., ... Connecticut
MARTIN, D., ... West Virginia
NICKERSON, F. L., ... Massachusetts
O'CONNELL, J. O., ... Connecticut
O'CONNELL, T. L., ... Rhode Island
O'NEIL, R. J., ... Michigan
ORR, H. D., ... Maine
PAYNE, R. S., ... North Carolina
PAUL, W. E., ... West Virginia
PICKERING, S. E., ... Maryland
ROBERTS, H., ... England
REDDIN, B., ... Canada
SHEA, W. C., ... Massachusetts
SMULLENS, W. J., ... Connecticut
SOTO, I., ... Porto Rico
SIDLEY, J., ... West Virginia
SCHLOOSER, R. J., ... Maryland
TURCOTTE, R., ... Maine
VANNATTA, H., ... New Jersey
VALIQUETTE, C. E., ... Canada
WEST, E. S., ... Pennsylvania
WRIGHT, H. A., ... West Virginia
WILSON, H. S., ... New Jersey
WILLIAMSON, R. D., ... New Jersey
WOHRNA, E., ... Maryland
YOUNG, A. D., ... Connecticut
YOUNT, O. C., ... Pennsylvania

The Freshman Class History

OUR worthy Juniors would tell it in a very few words: "They came, they saw, and we did them up twice over, and then some." In a Freshman's mind, there is considerable more to relate. He will tell you how, one by one, in the early days of October, 1911, his fellow-classmen found their way to the old B. C. D. S. Their minds were filled to overflowing with the biggest and best intentions and purposes. Of the courage and confidence they received through the advice and hearty handshake of those who were in the near future going to call themselves the Advisors and Almighty Juniors and Seniors. Had this peaceful state of affairs continued, there would be but little more to tell. In a short time it became known to us that we were to be the object upon which the Juniors would reap their horrible revenge. The first evidence of their intentions consisted of an attempt to demonstrate the scenic effect which can be produced by hurling bags of plaster in our midst in the rear of the lecture-hall.

For the next few days we were kept busy dodging eggs, plaster and tomatoes, and were made the objects at which many jeering remarks were thrown. Being pressed to the very limit of respectful tolerance, with barely an ounce of good nature left in the whole Freshman body, we decided to hold a secret meeting in a small room on Howard street. Here each man gave voice to his tale of injustice and the pressing need of immediate action. Heroic speeches were made by our formidable classmates, Messrs. West and Connell. In conclusion, it was resolved to stick together, man for man, to fight and fall with our colors flying if need be, rather than suffer any further humiliation at the hands of the enemy.

But alas! even the strongest resolutions go astray. On the morning of October 10, at 10 o'clock, we were covered for the final round-up. In the midst of the wildest disorder and clouds of plaster we were driven to the wall. A feeble resistance was made against the first attack, but it proved of little avail. One by one we were dragged to the front, overturned, raised high up in the air, and, amid yells of derision, plunged headforemost into the bath which has made B. C. D. S. famous. Hauled from what might have been a watery grave, we were allowed to enjoy the delightful sensation of having plaster of paris daubed into our hair, the soothing contents of putrefied eggs trickling down our spines, and shellac and axle grease applied with friction everywhere in general and nowhere in particular. Blind, deaf and

speechless with rage, we were shot out into the hall and down a flight of stairs—there left undisturbed to recover our senses. This was a sight that would have chilled the blood of the bravest war-painted warrior that ever drew a tomahawk.

For some days after this massacre, we were allowed to live in humble bliss, during which time, through the kind and clever assistance of Dr. Brun, we were able to elect our class officers undisturbed, much to the Juniors' regret.

Daily as we grew in knowledge and experience, our domes increased correspondingly in size. The Juniors, always on the lookout for our welfare, devised a generous method to relieve our old caps of the stress of expansion. Tiny blue caps, with red blades and buttons, were purchased by them with our money and ceremoniously presented to us, along with a proclamation consisting of Ten Commandments, directing us as to what we were to do and not to do when in the presence of our superiors.

After three weeks of strict compliance to the rules we were relieved of our unpleasant obligations and allowed to continue unmolested in the pathway of knowledge.

So far we have made good, and established a record in our class work which we feel proud of. We are thankful for what we have received, especially from the honorable members of the faculty, for the efforts they have put forth in our behalf.

With due respect and reverence to our worthy upper classmen, we wish to extend our good-will and good wishes and a vote of thanks for the stormy reception given us, inasmuch as it formed and marked the beginning of a fellowship which will be long-lived and long remembered.

HISTORIAN, '14.

FRESHMAN POEM

The Freshies arrived trembling at B. C. D. S.
The reason for this fear, my friends, you can guess,
For the Juniors at college as hazers are famous—
This year they were more so—led by Doremus.
Poor Freshies, they knew of this fame and were blue;
They dreamt of the hazing and wished it were through.

'It" happened one night when the Freshies were napping.
On all of their doors there came a stern rapping.
They were pulled out of bed and marched to a park,
Where, shoeless and hatless and lost in the dark,
They were left by the Juniors, who took all their money,
And went away laughing, for to *them* this was funny.

Several days after, while down at the college,
The Freshies were gathered, acquiring more knowledge,
They were seized by the Juniors, 'mid roars of laughter,
And ducked, one by one, in a big tank of plaster.
Axle grease lastly was rubbed in their hair,
Yet on went the Juniors "to do and to dare."

Then ten modern commandments the Freshies were handed,
With orders to follow till further commanded.
Next tiny blue caps they were ordered to wear,
And still they endured, though ready to swear.
But these caps so attracted each "girlie" they'd meet
That the Juniors grew jealous and sounded "retreat."

But now that the year is approaching its close,
All are good friends, for each student here knows
Of the true, earnest men that our college possesses,
Who leaders will be as the world progresses;
And when in the future we've all made our "mark."
We will smile as we think of that night in the park.

McBRIDE, '14.

INITIATING THE FRESHMAN OFFICER OF HARRIS-HAYDEN ODONTALOGICAL SOCIETY

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OF
DENTAL SURGERY.

HARRIS-HAYDEN OFFICERS

Harris-Hayden Odontological Society

1911-1912

The Harris-Hayden Odontological Society of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery held its first meeting of the year 1911-1912 in the lecture-hall on October 28 for the election of officers, and the following gentlemen were elected:

ARTHUR A. BLONDIN, '12, *President.*
J. R. BUTLER, '13, *First Vice-President.*
L. A. CRISPS, '14, *Second Vice-President.*
HARRY D. RHEIN, '12, *Treasurer.*
THOMAS M. CANNING, '12, *Secretary.*

Executive Committee.

ROBERT F. HARRIGAN, *Chairman;*
DE WITT C. K. RICKETTS,
HERSCHEL L. SATTERFIELD,

President Blondin explained the object and benefits of the society to the new students, and they were so impressed that every man has since joined the society, making the largest membership since its organization. There are 67 Seniors, 52 Juniors and 54 Freshmen that are now active members.

The first regular meeting was held November 10, and the members listened to a very interesting debate, "Gold Fillings vs. Gold Inlays." Messrs. Cary and Satterfield were on the affirmative side of the question; Messrs. Lyle and McGreevy the negative side. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative.

On November 24 the next meeting was held, at which Dr. Waters delivered a very interesting lecture on "Cavity Preparation." At this meeting it was voted to donate $25 dollars toward the Chapin A. Harris Memorial Fund. The memorial is to be erected in Baltimore, and our society to be the first donater.

December 8. A meeting was held in which Messrs. F. J. Canning and Rhein on the affirmative,

Dunn and Wofford negative, considered the question, "Is a Vacuum Cavity a Necessary Adjunct to a Plate?" the debate being decided in favor of the affirmative.

January 12, 1912. We held our first meeting after the Christmas holidays, and the principal business of the evening was the answering of State Board questions. This was somewhat of a novelty, as it had never been tried by the society before. It proved, however, to be one of the most interesting and instructive meetings we have had.

January 26. At this meeting State Board questions were again considered.

This is a short record of the meetings held before February 1, and in the manner here described give a faint idea of the business transacted and the benefits derived from them. Every meeting has been largely attended, the members feeling that they could not afford to miss any of them. Skating, theater parties and all other engagements were cancelled on the evenings of society meetings. This all goes to prove how interesting and beneficial our meetings have been. In a measure this success was due to the efficient corps of officers who have been chosen. They have done everything that is possible to elevate the society to a high standing, and with the co-operation of the members, especially the honorary members, who are always willing to aid, have succeeded to a remarkable degree.

Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon our honorary members for the aid they have given us. They have willingly sacrificed their evenings to be with us and help solve some of the difficult problems which confronted us. Dr. William G. Foster has given us his usual hearty co-operation, and has done much for the progress and welfare of the society. Dr. Waters, Dr. Greeves, Dr. McCleary and Dr. Drew all have taken important parts in our meetings this year. To them we offer our heartiest thanks. Dr. Drew won a place in the hearts of the boys by the interest he has manifested and the information he has given us with regards to State Boards.

These were the only entertainments held prior to February 1, but the year is still young, and we are living in hopes of more to come.

Without trying in any way to elaborate in this statement on the doings of the society, we can safely say that the society has accomplished as much this year, if not more, than in former years.

We have developed and demonstrated talents which even the students themselves never knew they possessed. We have fulfilled to a remarkable degree the object for which the society was formed in February, 1908—that is, to promote friendly intercourse among the student body; to arouse a greater in-

terest in matters pertaining to the dental profession, and to better fit ourselves as practitioners to take up the work of the State and National dental societies.

We all feel grateful to old B. C. D. S. for possessing such a society. Especially the Seniors, who will go out this year to fight life's battles, know they are better prepared for the fray by the experience gained as members of the Harris-Hayden Odontological Society.

Our society has its social as well as its instructive side. Its social events, although not as numerous as those of last year, made up in quality what they lacked in quantity. The first entertainment of the society was an illustrated lecture, "Colored Photography," given by Dr. Simon. It was held in the lecture hall November 29, 1911. Dr. Simon showed his world-famous picture of a rainbow, taken in natural colors. This caused much interest, but the pictures which pleased the most were those of beautiful flowers.

Our second social event was a dance held in the infirmary hall on January 24, 1912. It was a brilliant affair. The decorations, lights, costumes of the ladies and the music of our accomplished orchestra, which was under the direction of the esteemed president of the Senior Class, Prof. Maguire, will cause the dance to be remembered with pleasure by all who attended. The refreshments were greatly enriched by a gift of choice apples from Dr. B. Holly Smith's farm, in appreciation of which a letter of thanks was sent to him.

When looking over the pages of the MIRROR, either now or in years to come, no more real enjoyment will be found than on the pages marked "Harris-Hayden Odontological Society." It will bring back fond memories of the past, and we all feel pleased with our society, our college and ourselves. Our society has prospered in the past, is prospering in the present, and may she continue to prosper in the future is the wish of everyone.

T. M. CANNING, *Secretary.*

RARY
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OF
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ORCHESTRA AND GLEE CLUB

Musical Organization

DR. WM. G. FOSTER. DR. B. J. GORMAN (Soloist).

ORCHESTRA:

WM. C. MAGUIRE, Director.

H. A. DOCHELLI,
W. H. KELLEY,
P. O. KLUTTIG,
F. P. O'SHEA,
S. E. PICKERING,
W. G. SHERMAN.

GLEE CLUB:

A. A. BLONDIN,
F. J. CANNING,
F. R. COROSO,
C. F. CRAFT,
E. S. WEBSTER,
L. L. GIVENS,
J. E. JOHN,
W. H. KELLEY,
F. P. MANSUY,
J. C. YUNKERS.

G. T. NORTON.

Soon after the opening of college, all students musically inclined met in the museum upon request of Dr. Wm. G. Foster to reorganize the orchestra and institute a glee club. Our able director, Wm. C. Maguire, being with us again, no time was lost in beginning rehearsals, and the orchestra soon acquired its past efficiency.

THE Glee Club, though in its infancy, soon gained a good reputation, and rapidly became a means of much enjoyment to the students at large. It owes a great part of its success to the earnest co-operation of Dr. B. J. Gorman, whose ability as a soloist is well known. Under the auspices of the Harris-Hayden Odontological Society the orchestra, assisted by the Glee Club, furnished a most agreeable evening on January 24 in the college infirmary. Dancing was indulged in and greatly enjoyed. On February 8 an entertainment was given to the inmates of the Maryland Hospital for the Insane. Soon after this another program was rendered at Bayview Asylum. Arrangements have been made with other charitable institutions. A large pre-Lent ball was given on February 20, and proved to be a most successful event. This year has been a most eventful one.

Young Men's Christian Association

F. M. FARNSWORTH, *President.*
H. C. HODGSON, *Vice-President.*

W. A. TURNER, *Secretary.*
J. E. JOHN, *Treasurer.*

L. L. GIVENS, *Secretary Bible Study.*

THROUGH the co-operation of the Central Association of Baltimore and the most efficient work of the intercollegiate secretary, the Young Men's Christian Association of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery has experienced a most successful year. The officers and members feel very much gratified to know that their endeavors have been so fruitful for good, and they feel amply repaid for all the time and labor spent in the work.

The association tries to develop in those with whom it comes in touch a high moral character, physical efficiency, and intellectual attainment. Its purpose is to fit a man to live a true and clean life after he has attained his degree and goes forth to win a place of esteem for himself among his fellow-men. With this end in view, the cabinet has held weekly meetings for the purpose of discussing methods by which it might do the most good for the most men. Out of these discussions have arisen gymnasium classes, Bible study classes, and personal work among the students. The cabinet has also procured some of the best men in the country to present the different phases of Christian life in the most practical manner to the students. This has been the source of much good, as it has developed in some the desire to know more about the Christian work as it is being taught and practiced in other lands.

The retiring officers wish to express their deepest appreciation to those who have made these successes possible, and hope that the association may be more prosperous in the succeeding year than it has in the past.

F. M. F.

"To Xi Psi Phi"

'Here's to Xi Psi Phi, dear Xi Psi Phi;"
Thy sons will ne'er forget
The golden haze of student days
Is round about us yet.
Those days of yore will come no more,
And through our manly years
The thoughts of you, old Xi Psi Phi,
Will fill our eyes with tears.

RARY
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Delta Chapter.
Balto. College of Dental Surgery.

Xi Psi Phi Fraternity

OFFICERS:

Honorary President, ... Dr. B. L. Brun.
President, ... W. K. White.
Vice-President, ... T. C. Firey.
Secretary, ... F. J. Canning.
Treasurer, ... P. B. Fitzgerald.
Financial Secretary, ... A. A. Blondin.

ACTIVE MEMBERS:

Blondin, A. A.,
Bastedo, A. C.,
Butler, J. R.,
Burns, S. O.,
Callery, C. E.,
Coroso, J. T.,
Canning, T. M.,
Canning, F. J.,
Cairns, A. L.,
Cloutier, G. A., Jr.,
Dunn, Thomas,
Doremus, H. W.,
Devanney, F. A.,
Dochelli, H. A.,
Firey, T. C.,
Fitzgerald, P. B.,
Huff, F. H.,
Huff, H. W.,
Hogue, R. A.,
Kelley, W. H.,
Krueger, G. L., Jr.,
Le Tourneau, E.,
McGrath, J. M.,
Maroney, David,
Norton, G. T.,
O'Shea, F. P.,
Rhein, H. D.,
Ricketts, D. C. K.,
Ruman, J. C.,
Shea, J. J.,
Schlosser, R. S.,
Turcotte, R. T.,
Turlington, R. A.,
Vanatta, H.,
Verville, A. A.,
White, W. K.,
Wofford, C. D.

"OUR ALMA MATER"

Through a mist we see dimly tonight
A memorable old college so noble and grand,
Extending to us, her students, the right
In the eyes of the world and profession to stand,
Where others, far less fortunate than we
In opportunity of having at their hand
Such men as now appeal to you and to me,
To strive untiringly for entrance to their band.

The revealing of the best of their accomplishment,
Which is now a most beautiful art,
Is not only to those who are the most competent,
Who have seen of the world a greater part,
But for all who will drink of the knowledge,
And not afraid in such a battle to start,
Is the hand of this old, old college
Raised to, with no malice or hatred at heart.

Oh! what now in return shall we give her,
We, the sons of her most precious name,
In receipt for all that is good pleasure,
To the furtherance of her widespread fame?
Shall it be in our great narrowness contented
With merely life's sustenance to make,
Over which so many too late have lamented
When God in His justice their lives did take?

Or shall we be in our labor contented,
Seeking every moment for a wonderful truth,
Not simply of the world to be commended,
But while we are blessed with our youth
To always be on our "Post," seeking no leisure;
With the word of attainment never drawn,
That life may be to us the greatest pleasure,
And to our Alma Mater a credit when we are gone?

—J. E. John, Jr.

O Glorious Psi Omega

O glorious Psi Omega
How beautiful thou art;
Should any days e'er dreary seem
You gladden every heart.
Though other fellowships seem good,
None that was ever seen
With Psi Omega compare could—
Of all thou art the Queen.

Quite noble was thy origin,
Thou dental friendship's flower,
And thou dost prove to all the world
That brotherhood is power.
O gladsome Psi Omega,
Unrivalled charms are thine;
No royal princess e'er constrained
More worship at her shrine.

—C. J. McL.

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Psi Omega Fraternity

1911-1912

ACTIVE MEMBERS:

H. Bittner,
L. A. Carey,
C. F. Craft,
J. M. Dominquez,
C. Edge,
G. L. Ely,
E. J. Fernandez,
M. M. Fitzgerald,
S. P. Fuller,
E. E. Graham,
G. W. Keating,
J. G. Kerwin,
C. W. King,
A. Lankford,
A. G. Lyle,
W. J. Maguire,
J. J. McGreevy,
G. Noonan,
E. M. O'Brien,
J. G. Jackson,
W. G. Sherman,
J. C. Yunker,
D. P. Whitworth,
O. D. Bastey,
E. Colon,
G. R. Hennigar,
H. L. Satterfield,
W. M. Hollingsworth,
P. O. Kluttig,
R. E. Lowcock,
G. L. Lyon,
J. Masterton,
A. McAndrews,
J. J. Partridge,
V. Suchorski,
H. W. Benson,
G. H. Abernathy,
L. A. Crisp,
H. E. Taylor,
W. A. Turner,
P. Fields,
R. McWhorton,
J. J. Fitzpatrick,
W. G. Hitchcock,
S. F. Penton,
J. R. Kavanaugh,
A. V. Driscoll,
J. Sidley,

FACULTY:

M. Whildin Foster, M.D., D.D.S.
William B. Finney, D.D.S.
William G. Foster, D.D.S.

DEMONSTRATORS:

H. H. Street, D.D.S.
J. M. Wohrna, D.D.S.
R. B. Berry, D.D.S.
F. J. Barclay, D.D.S.
N. B. Gwynn, D.D.S.
L. D. Coriell, D.D.S.

WRITE HER A LETTER TONIGHT

Don't go to Kernan's or Kavanaugh's for a ball,
But stay in your room tonight;
Deny yourself to the bunch that may call,
And to home a good long letter write.

Write to your dear old mother, fellows,
Who sits when the day is done,
With folded hands and downcast eyes,
Thinking of her absent son.

Don't selfishly scribble "excuse" my haste,
I have scarcely the time to write;
Lest her brooding thoughts go wandering back
To many a sleepless night—

When she lost her needed sleep and rest,
And every breath was a prayer
That God would spare her darling boy
To her tender love and care.

Don't let her feel you have no more need
Of her love and counsel mighty wise,
For the heart grows strangely sensitive
When age has dimmed her eyes.

It might be well to let her believe
You never forget her "quite";
That you deemed it a pleasure when at B. C. D. S.
Long letters home to write.

Don't think the young and sporty girls,
Who make your pastime seem gay,
Have half the interest in you
That your dear old mother has today.

It matters little from what State you came—
Vermont, New York, Virginia, Maine—
Let sleep and pleasure wait,
Lest the looked-for letter be a day or an hour too late.

For the dear old mother at home,
With locks fast turning white,
Is longing to hear from her absent son,
So, fellows, get "busy"—write her a letter tonight.

—*Corley*, '14.

To T. N. E.

Dear T. N. E., we pledge to you
Our firmest support; our love e'er true.
Thru thy motherly care the steppings of youth
Have been led to the fountain of courage and truth.
And tho' we may roam o'er the world far and wide,
A true trusted brother we'll find by our side;
And when from Our College at last we go,
We'll e'er remain loyal to Old "Kappa Rho."

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Theta Nu Epsilon Fraternity

ΘNE

KAPPA RHO CHAPTER

YQYY

ACTIVE MEMBERS:

J. R. McGRATH,
O. D. BASTEY,
R. A. TURLINGTON,
J. C. RUMAN,
G. L. KRUEGER,
J. MASTERTON.

HONORARY MEMBERS:

DR. B. L. BRUN.

'12.

G. L. ELY,
C. W. KING,
W. K. WHITE,

'12.

E. GRAHAM,
D. C. K. RICKETTS,
J. J. McGREEVY,

'12.

W. G. SHERMAN,
C. F. CRAFT,
S. P. FULLER.

THE TALE OF AN ACHING TOOTH

(Dedicated to Dr. Le Tourneau.)

A sight to be seen, in his suit of green,
The pride of the rink was he,
As he stood in the hall, the lord of all
Who skated around merrily.

But, alas! Forsooth! When an aching tooth
Got busy and sung out loud
With might and main, it gave him a pain,
So to have it removed he vowed.

He started right up to the dentist's shop,
But when he perceived the door
He was rather rude, for he up and skidooed;
His courage had gone before.

But the ache kept on, and he grew forlorn,
When a friend kindly took him in tow.
With a grip like sin he rushed him in
To the tooth factory, laden with woe.

The dentist's bench (I believe he was French,
Like a pipe—either briar or cob)
Loomed up in style as with cynical smile
He made ready to tackle the job.

Our friend sat there. He wanted to swear,
Though he felt rather weak at the knees
When his jaw held a stick of wood ten inches thick,
And the dentist said, "Look pleasant, please."

They they pumped in the gas, alack and alas!
'Til he felt like a real quarter meter;
And the next thing he knew, as a gate he came through,
He was shaking the hand of St. Peter.

Next he thought that Taft (no wonder he laughed)
Was skating with brave Carrie Nation;
While up in the sky he saw a mince pie,
Making faces that looked like Creation.

But the wheels spinning round landed him on the ground,
And he heard a sweet voice softly state:
"It's all right, old man, wake up if you can;
Your tooth is right here on a plate."

The molar he saw, and he solemnly swore
It was bigger than any bass drum,
While the yarns that he told as to how brave and bold
He had been made friends say, "Going some!"

Now once more in the rink you can see him, I think,
And his manly form still is admired;
But for dentists—it's plain they won't see him again,
For to meet one he could not be hired.

—*A Friend.*

ON FRANKLIN STREET

Where is the block of great renown,
Where jolly students can e'er be found,
And pretty chorus girls abound?
On Franklin Street.

Where is the place that has stood the test,
The place the students love the best?
It is not east; it must be west—
On Franklin Street.

Where is the place the students stay,
They eat their "grub" and hit the "hay,"
And say they will study another day?
On Franklin Street.

Where all the students stand in groups,
Upon each other's neighboring stoops,
And live on Cooper's beans and soups?
On Franklin Street.

Where are the rooms we all prefer,
Where we can live and think of "her?"
It costs us just five dollars per—
On Franklin Street.

Where winds blow cold and streets are wet,
And we think of the work not finished yet
As we puff on pipe or cigarette—
On Franklin Street.

And is this the place when we grow old,
Tales to our children we will unfold?
Not for a million in pure gold.
On Franklin Street.

D. P. W., '12.

THE COLLEGE BOY

Behold me here, a Freshman college boy!
Who to Baltimore comes three years to employ,
And chooses as his school the old B. C. D. S.,
Hoping of his work and this rhyme to make no mess.

A Freshman Class were we, sixty when all told;
Some they came quite timid, and others almost bold,
From the north, south, east and west,
Upon the college seats each day to rest,
And pay attention, more or less, to each discourse,
Learning something, too, as a matter of course.

The Juniors kind greeted us with open arms;
And, indeed, they caused some slight alarms,
For Bumpass actually bumped us once or twice,
While Doremus was—well, not so nice
As he would be, say, to a pretty girl
With cheeks all red and hair a-curl.

Soon they initiated us in the "plaster bath,"
And whilst applying same had many a laugh;
Then somewhat relieved us of our worry
By tellin' us it was quite necessary,
And yet 'twas hard to see the use of things.
Perchance we may with wisdom that efficiency brings.

Our professors—they were of the best—
Sometimes told a spicy tale with zest,
To which we listened and heartily enjoyed,
Then more attentively our time employed.
One we had whose specialty was "bones,"
Who, while we rested "ours," called forth groans

At names such as we ne'er before had heard,
On the "upper" about the "middle" and "lower third."
To college each day we went to spend our time
On subjects that don't fit well in a rhyme.
The professor, in front, with earnest voice and face,
Told his story, while we wrote apace

To keep up, and then, later on, digest
Our notes in some back room as we might best.
Yes, those bones, at first, were very dry,
And from our breasts brought many a sigh.
All day (sometimes) I'd at them keep,
And then (my partner says) I'd talk bones in my sleep.

The Seniors, as was right, sat in front,
And when we had a "quizzing" bore the brunt.
They were quietest, and 'twas, unless I lie,
Partly because they were near the professor's eye.

The Juniors took their seats in the middle of the hall,
And sometimes would—with Senior assistance—bawl
Lustily, a yell about the Freshman Class,
But I'll not dwell on this, and let it pass.

We Freshmen took our seats away behind,
And thus we all did take the daily grind,
Knowing that to win the D.D.S. degree
Each one must keep as busy as the bee.

Behold! me still a Freshman college boy,
Who peeped in the future his rhyme to employ,
And who's glad he chose the old B. C. D. S.,
Hoping there to stay, liking more, and never less.

But "Father Time'" goes on with undiminished speed,
So to learn our work we've scarce the time we need.
Soon, yes soon, we all go our several ways,
And later, looking back, say those were happy days.

—*Harry Roberts.*

A FRESHMAN SOLUTION

The Dean, of course, we'll all agree,
Will drill us on Pathology.
With cells and tissues Dr. Grieves will show,
On Histology many facts to know.
More of those bones we would like to see,
So please, Dr. McCleary, some more Anatomy.
In Chemistry, how could wise Dr. Simon
Be so extravagant as to burn up a diamond.
With trays and plaster, Dr. Finney so bold,
A lesson in Prosthetic so nobly told.
Materia Medica, a subject of drugs,
Dr. Hoffmeister will lecture to eliminate bugs.
Physiology, Dr. Hardy is awfully tough!
But, man, a Freshman will throw a big bluff.
On Operative Dentistry Dr. Smith will lecture,
How to keep the teeth a regular fixture.
So now when all is said and done,
And Freshmen know all is not fun,
Is the game worth the pain?
Yes? Then to work, boys, this knowledge to gain.
And in after years of our Alma Mater,
The B. C. D. S. will say there is none greater.

—*S. O. Burnes,* '14.

Athletics

A GREAT step forward has been taken during the past year by B. C. D. S. in establishing athletics among its many other attractions.

Track and Field (Feel).—This perhaps has been the most successful of all the different branches of athletics, and has attained much prominence. Many enthusiasts have contended for honors, and several new records have been made. Those who Track (in late) and Feel (Field) blue the next morning have requested that their names be withheld, but the record-breakers deserve mentioning, regardless of their modest request. These are O'Brien, Sargent, McGrath, Lyle, Lankford, Sherman and Jackson.

Rowing.—Many interclass rows took place at the beginning of the year. These were between the Junior and Freshman classes, all of which ended victorious for the former contestants. Since then numerous smaller disputes have occurred between separate individuals, those deserving the most mention being DeRoche vs. Farrell; King vs. Stamford, and Lyle vs. DeRoche.

Football.—The "Harris-Hayden" held a grand Foot-Ball in the infirmary on the evening of January 24, which proved to be a grand success. There was a large number of spectators present, but not as many teams as were expected.

Baseball.—Although the college campus is not of any great dimensions, many home runs (to meals) were made across it. A close rival to Frank Baker during the entire year was Senior Devanney. He was closely followed by Seniors Webster and Fitzpatrick, who deserve much praise for their quickness in reaching the plate.

Hock(ey).—The members of this department are so numerous that we are unable to publish their names. Suffice it to say that much time and money have been put in Hock(ey). Contests are continually taking place in Salabes & Co. and the New York Loan Association, on Baltimore street.

MR. C. O. N. TESTANT,
Secretary of Athletics.

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Grinds

DR. FOSTER (pointing to labial surface of central incisor drawn on board)—"Mr. Corley, what is the name of this surface?"

Corley—"The right ventricle, Doctor."

Heard during lecture from a Freshman while Junior Bumpass was among the missing: "I wish I knew as much as Bumpass; I would not come to lectures, either." Oh, you poor, unsophisticated Freshies!

Dalton's affinity for Alpha Omega can only be explained by the fact that during his illness some blood from a Jew was transfused into his system.

The only time you can find Coroso in the dark is when he eats garlic, and then it doesn't take a Sherlock Holmes or a Philadelphia lawyer to locate him.

Freshman E. J. Wohrna, Dr .Simon's assistant chemist, lectured (?) to the Junior and Freshman Classes on Nitrous Oxide. It was a long and interesting one (?), and its efficiency could have been improved upon only by its being delivered in more emphatic and reassuring tones. Wohrna believes "Silence is golden."

Freshman West says water can be made to run uphill, and Freshman Butler says it is a solid, not a semi-solid. How do you do it, West, roll it up?

While O'Neil was walking with a girl he met Hunter, who informed him that he would be late for supper. Our friend O'Neil replied, in his usual witty way, saying: "No I won't, cause I've got my 'chicken' on my arm."

Dr. Foster—"Mr. Crisp, have you a dictionary there?"
(Junior Kelley, answering for Crisp)—"Yes, Doctor."
Dr. Foster—"Very well, Mr. Crisp, since you are so truthful I will not quiz you."

Dr. Hardy—"Are the outside nerves necessary to the rythmical action of the heart, Mr. Ruman?"
Ruman—"Yes they are, Doctor."
Dr. Hardy—"They are not. Bad guess, Mr. Ruman."

Freshman Vanatta is still wondering what he had in his mouth the night of the hazing at Druid Hill Park.

Dr. Foster—"Mr. Butler (Junior), how would you correct a dislocation of the mandible?"
Butler—"I would put a towel on my thumb and 'mash' the jaw down."

Freshman Doore receives all mail bearing the following degrees: D.D., LLD., D.D.S. One only is missing, and that is B.S.

Dr. B. Holly Smith says tea is just as good as "Madeira wine" to stimulate the system previous to an operation. However, we don't all agree.

Dr. Foster—"Mr. O'Neil, what's the name of this line?"
Freshman O'Neil—"The *Mesium* line, Doctor."

According to Dr. Simon, weight has water, and everybody ought to know it.

Dr. Hardy—"Do the vaso-motor nerves belong to the cerebro-spinal or sympathetic system, Mr. Fields?"
Fields—"Yes, Doctor."

Dr. B. Holly Smith has a new "red Irish setter," to which he is fondly attached, and to which he often refers with endearing tones.

Dr. Foster has a beautiful little ballad entitled "You Bet," which he frequently sings with much fevor. It goes as follows:

"I love the white girl and the black,
The red girl of the West;
And I love them all for loving me,
But I love myself the best—
You bet."

Dr. Simon to Freshman O'Neil—"Tell me all you know about hydrogen."
Freshman O'Neil—"I don't know anything about it, Doctor."
Dr. Simon—"Well, why not?"
O'Neil—"The bones take up all my time, Doctor, so I can't study chemistry."

Jack Shea had a "crummy" job previous to entering college. He was salesman for a cracker firm.

Masten (to McAleese)—"What is a parasite?"
McAleese—"A dead leucocyte."

Dr. Foster (spying a Freshie with a book during quiz)—"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

Joe Christopher mistook an anchor on a sailing vessel for a pick. He then and there decided he must forego a sailor's life and pursue dentistry.

Mr. Kerwin—"Dr. Foster, is there any difference between osteomata and exostosis?"
Dr. Foster—"A d—— site!"

The Maryland Theater vaudevilles have nothing on the Freshman Class elections, as far as fun is concerned. When it came to the election of class poet, Goodwin stood up and nominated himself as being the most capable man for the office. Then Dochelli arose, after being nominated to the office of secretary, and moved that nominations be closed. Roberts appeared on the scene, appointed a committee without authority and accepted the chairmanship.

DANCING

Instructions in dancing given between the hours of 1 and 2 P. M. by a competent and able instructor. I have moved my academy from Dr. Streett's room to————————, and will be pleased to receive my old patrons. PROF. G. W. NOONAN, SR.

Dr. Foster—"Mr. Doremus, what is a cyst?"
Doremus—"It's a hole in the inferior maxillary, Doctor."

Freshman Gocke's shoe was appropriated to Dr. Simon for chemical analysis. It was found to contain an abundance of H_2S and NH_3 from the decomposed organic matter. Some silicon dioxide was also found.

Dr. McCleary to Freshman Doore—"What canal is this (pointing out vertebral canal) ?"
Doore (hesitating)—"Well—er—its—ah—"
Dr. McCleary—"Well, is it the Panama or Erie Canal?"

Freshman Wilson told Dr. Simon in his quiz that diamonds are gas. If that's so, Wilson, an engagement ring must then be hot air.

Dr. Foster—"Mr. Vanatta, what is on Odontoblast?"
(Senior Lyle answering for Vanatta)—"It's a cell engaged in building dentine."
Dr. Foster—"Very good, Mr. Vanatta."

A Freshman Class may look pretty bum, but when it comes to breaking the photographer's lense at the first sitting, seems to be carrying things to the extreme.

Dr. McGreevy, a well-known eye specialist. He puts in eye teeth for the blind.

Junior to Dean Foster at his Office—"How do you think I have done so far, Professor?"
Dean—"Your marks are great. You are doing fine. I am proud of you."
Junior—"I want to pay my tuition, Doctor."
Dean—"All right, my son. What's the name, please?"

Society Notes

JAMES JOHN and L. Leslie Givens, two "Beau Brummels" of the college, were seen escorting two young ladies one Sunday night on Howard street. These two young men are becoming favorites with Baltimore's "weaker sex."

Mr. Adelard A. Verville, a young "debutant" of the B. C. D. S., had his "coming out" in October. He appeared at "Lehman's Academy" with a new pair of pumps and silk socks. He is one of Baltimore's most estimable young men, and an honor to the community.

J. R. Butler is fastly coming to the foreground as a "lady's man" and a leading social light. Possibly it is all due to his bearing the same initials that his former leader in social circles, Mr. R. J. Bumpass, has.

E. Jocuin Fernandez, the prominent "lady killer," is al-(W) right, so says Pearle. He is very fond of Pearles, and could often be seen during the summer months speeding through the city on a motorcycle with Pearle (W) right behind him.

Herr Bittner, the German representative of the B. C. D. S., is adhering strictly to his native language and customs. He insists on being called "Herr," and, as was seen at the dance in the infirmary on January 24, he sticks close to her. He is often seen with her of late, and believes that she (her) is the proper thing. That's all O. K., "Gertrude," stick by her.

At the Harris-Hayden ball Mr. "Jerry" O'Connell proved himself master of the situation by preceding his rival, Mr. James Mulcunry, in escorting the young lady home. Jeremiah is continually taunting Jamie with the fact that "He who hesitates is lost."

Charles E. Edge and Frank P. Mansuy! At last the wiles of a large and alluring city have tempted these young men into the giddy mazes of the terpischorian art. Farson's Academy has frequently been honored with their august presence during the past year, and is now becoming famous through their patronage.

Stamford says he knows it does it, but he don't know why it does it.

Ruman's favorite song used to be "What is the Use to Remember, When the Girl You Remember Forgets," but now he's singing "Any Little Girl." What's the matter, John? Have you stopped remembering?

Would Jackson and Sherman have roomed together fifty years ago?

While returning from New York, Hodgson and Ruman attempted to satisfy their hunger, so recklessly purchased two sandwiches. Of course, nothing would satisfy them but chicken, so they "forked" over a quarter each. Ricketts shortly afterwards purchased the same kind for ten cents. Hodgson immediately demanded the reason of this overcharge. "Well," said the negro, "chicken comes high, you know." Evidently Hodgson hadn't been with chicken before.

Keating and Norton were attending a social one evening. When about to be introduced to the other guests, the young lady introducing began thus: "I'd like to have you meet my friends, Mr.—" when she was abruptly stopped by "Doctors, if you please," from Keating. You must be careful how you address these gentlemen, Miss.

And the Texas guide will go back to his people in the country chanting the praises of the strange and fascinating lands into which he wandered. He will tell his people how the weird cars speed through the bowels of the earth at a terrifying pace; how, with neck bent backward and with a throbbing pulse, he gazed on the mighty piles of stones, towering above the clouds, into which clans upon clans of people poured in and out continually. Then, too, occasionally a long line of houses—on wheels—would come, with great noise thundering high above his head. These and many other fantastic tales of the wonderful northern city will the Austin guide, Rogers, take home to his people and discuss amid the rudy glow of a Western camp fire.

Dr. Hoffmeister—"Mr. Wright, what is an antiseptic?"
Freshman Wright—"An antiseptic stimulates a nerve."

College Fiction

"Little Miss Fix It"—"Pansy" Rhein, Sr.
"The Fortune Hunter"—Sargent on the Pin Committee.
"The Gamblers"—Too many to print.
"The Girl of the Golden West"—Sherwood, Sr.
"The Cave Man"—Robbins, Sr.
"The Man Higher Up"—Spear, Sr.
"King Richard the Third"—"Dick" Lowcock, Jr.
"The Ne'er-Do-Well"—Welch, Jr.
"The Man of the Hour"—Blondin, Sr.
"The Virginian"—Nock, Jr.
"The Pilgrims' Progress"—Bumpass, Jr.
"The Man Who Owns Broadway"—Kelley, Jr.
"The Brass Bowl"—Fitzpatrick, Sr.
"The Millionaire Kid"—Goodwin, Fr.
"The Shepherd of the Hills"—Farnsworth, Sr.
"Prince Charming"—Ricketts, Sr.
"Officer 666"—Lockwood, Sr.
"A Man and His Wife"—Graham, Sr.
"The Foreigner"—Dominquez, Sr.
"The American Scholar"—Edge, Sr.
"When Fatty Went to College"—Crisp, Fr.
"The Man on the Box"—Dr. Hardy.
"Love's Labor Lost"—Ruman, Jr.
"The Music Master"—Maguire, Sr.
"The Man from the North"—Hodgson, Sr.

What's In A Name

MR. STAMFORD, having walked a long distance through many Fields to hear Caroso sing "Harrigan" and "Anybody Here Seen Kelley?" and the opera "Caballeria (Cavalleira) Rusticana," returned home feeling Allen (all in), and with a considerable Bowness to his legs. His physician was summoned, and he diagnosed the trouble as being located in his Colon, so he advised him to drink hot water and to wrap himself in a heavy Schall. Stamford immediately took the (Mc) Cue, so ordered his Butler to put some water a' Boylen immediately. The doctor also advised him to apply Tincher of iodine over the (Do) remus of his Ischium. Stamford came to the conclusion that he had acted the Hog(ue) by eating too much Partridge and Welch rabbit, and unless he reformed he would have to take a Nock out drop.

R. A. H.

Senior, answering for a Freshman in a quiz, was detected by Dr. Foster, who promptly said, "You're in the right church, but the wrong pew, Mr. Lyle."

We hope Freshman Casto will give to the profession the new wax spatula which he has invented. He claims, as one of its many virtues, that it will remain hot during the setting up of a full upper set.

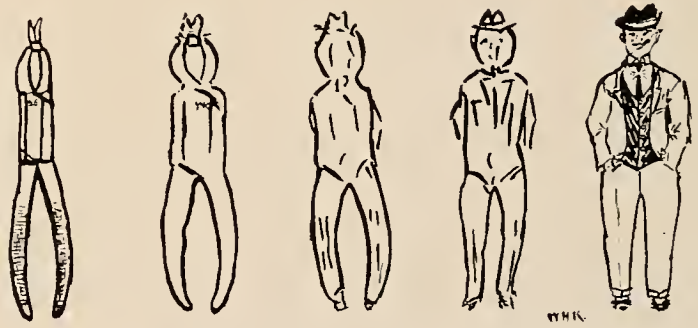
"Give 'em h—, Doctor," was sung out from the rear of the lecture hall one evening in Dr. Foster's quiz to the Seniors.

The Doctor gently replied: "You can give it to them, and they swallow it and think nothing of it."

December 13 was an unlucky day for the Seniors. Out of the seventy members of the class, twenty-seven only were present at Dr. B. Holly's roll-call. These few did their best to give excuses for the absentees, the main one being that Mr. So-and-So was operating. As Dr. Smith finished, he said: "Well, that's funny. As I came upstairs all I saw were two men in the Infirmary. It seems to me these men have many different names." Immediately all tried to explain that the missing forty-three were operating at the four chairs in Dr. Streett's room.

(Dedicated to Our Great and Mighty Senior, D. L. Robbins.)

And still he talked;
  And still the wonder grew
That one so large
  Should say so little new.



EVOLUTION OF A DENT

The Snoozers

A most successful year is now drawing to a close for the Slumber Chapter of the Snoozer Lodge. Many new members have been accepted, and all have done their utmost to uphold the ideals of the lodge, and are earnest sympathizers.

The election of officers, which took place on October 1, 1911, resulted in the following officers:

Coma,	C. F. Sargent.
Stertor,	J. J. Partridge.
Stupor,	J. Mickens.
Sopor,	W. J. Maguire.
Napper,	G. C. Wainwright.
Honorary Snoozer,	J. W. Maier.

ACTIVE MEMBERS:

Minns, Cassidy, Welch, Suchorski, Bastey, McKenna, Mullen, Casto, Bastedo, McGrath, Smyth, Kreuger, Fitzpatrick and Masterton.

HONORARY MEMBERS:

Maier, Petrowiak, Benson, Aldrich and Bennett.

Junior McGrath has been experimenting in chemistry, and has come to the conclusion that nitric acid has a deleterious effect upon copper, producing an evolution of red fumes.

Junior Callery, having been told that an histology exam. came the following morning, gets up at midnight and begins studying.

A Friend (while discussing an important idea)—"It's a good plan, and there's some sense in it."
Masten (having heard only the last words)—"What? A cash register?"

Among his intimates Freshman Cloutier is known as the "Chairman of the Fighting Force." His section, of which he is chairman, had a rough-house in LeTourneau's Hotel.

Heard at the boarding-house:
Miss May—"Will you have some mush, Mr. Valiquette?"
Freshman Valiquette—"I don't know. Let me see. Say, Miss May, what does it look like?"

They do say all the "Cannucks" are stopping at LeTourneau's Hotel.

Will someone kindly inform Freshman Cloutier that there are other girls in Baltimore besides Josephine?

Either Turlington is studying too hard, or something else has affected his eyesight; nevertheless, when it comes to setting up a full upper, somehow or other he forgets a second bicuspid, and then thinks he has "stuck" the supply man for an extra tooth. Better change your brand, Turley.

Happy New Year, Doctor," said a voice as Dr. B. Holly Smith entered the lecture hall the evening of his second lecture in the new year.
"I'll mark that gentleman absent who extended that greeting to me. He had that opportunity yesterday, but he failed to show up."

The capacity of the stomach should be, in a human being, about five pints, but in a case where a man like Spears does away with four bowls of boarding-house apple sauce, besides eating a square meal, there must be something wrong with that calculation.

After February 1 the bar at LeTourneau's Hotel will open at 11 P. M., so as to allow the guest a chance to study.

Whatever became of Junior Verville's mustache, that promised so much at the start? They do say a certain young lady in the city is responsible for its disappearance. What's the trouble, Verville, was it in the way?

"Her teeth are like stars,"
Cried the love-smitten youth,
In an outburst of joyous delight;
And when they were married
He found 'twas the truth,
For like the stars they came out at night.

Freshman Turcotte entered his room one day with a pound of chocolates in his pocket, but somehow he forgot to mention the matter to his roommates. After they went out Turcotte reached in his pocket for his candy, but lo! the pocket was empty! He is still wondering what became of his chocolates, but dare not ask his roommate.

Senior Hodgson always was a good student, but this year he has been exceeding "the speed limit." He attends B. C. D. S. during the day and spends the evenings at Goucher College. Don't work too hard on your books, Hodgson, for "all work and no (?) play makes Jack a dull boy."

Bowness (in dissecting room)—"That's a good big kidney in that jar there, isn't it?"
Janitor—"Yes, it is, only that kidney is a brain."

Freshman Valiquette has become quite fluent with the English language of late. He has enlisted the services of several of Baltimore's "high-steppers" for the purpose of tutoring him, and has really made rapid strides. We wish him much success with his instructors.

Dr. Foster—"What is an organ?"
Junior Hollingsworth—"A musical instrument."
Dr. Foster—"Please play us a tune on the liver, sir."

It Is Impossible

For Cary to stop singing.
For Mansuy to stop chewing tobacco.
To pass disecting.
For Jerry O'Connell to stop eating peas with a knife.
To keep warm in the lecture hall.
For Marony to speak.
To see Givens when eating peanuts.
For Stamford to take life serious.
For Bowness to stay more than one week at a boarding-house.
To fail in extracting teeth with the college forceps.
For Sherwood to say something right.
For Devanney to stop "beefing."
To ask Robbins a question he couldn't answer.
For Dalton to act undignified.
To get infection anywhere in college, due to the hygienic conditions.
Not to find lost articles.
To keep the fellows from saying, "I didn't get that far, Doctor."
To keep Turner and others from spitting tobacco juice on the floor.
To get Allen to dispose of that red sweater with the green maple leaf.
For McGrath to stop grinning.
To find other than Piedmont and Mecca cigarettes in college. (Cheap students.)
To keep Callery and Doremus from talking conductor business.
To see Smyth come in early.
For Mansuy to sit up in his seat.
To remember all of Ricketts' names.
To keep Keating from hanging around the lady patients in the infirmary.

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

B. C. D. S. CIRCUS

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R. A. H.

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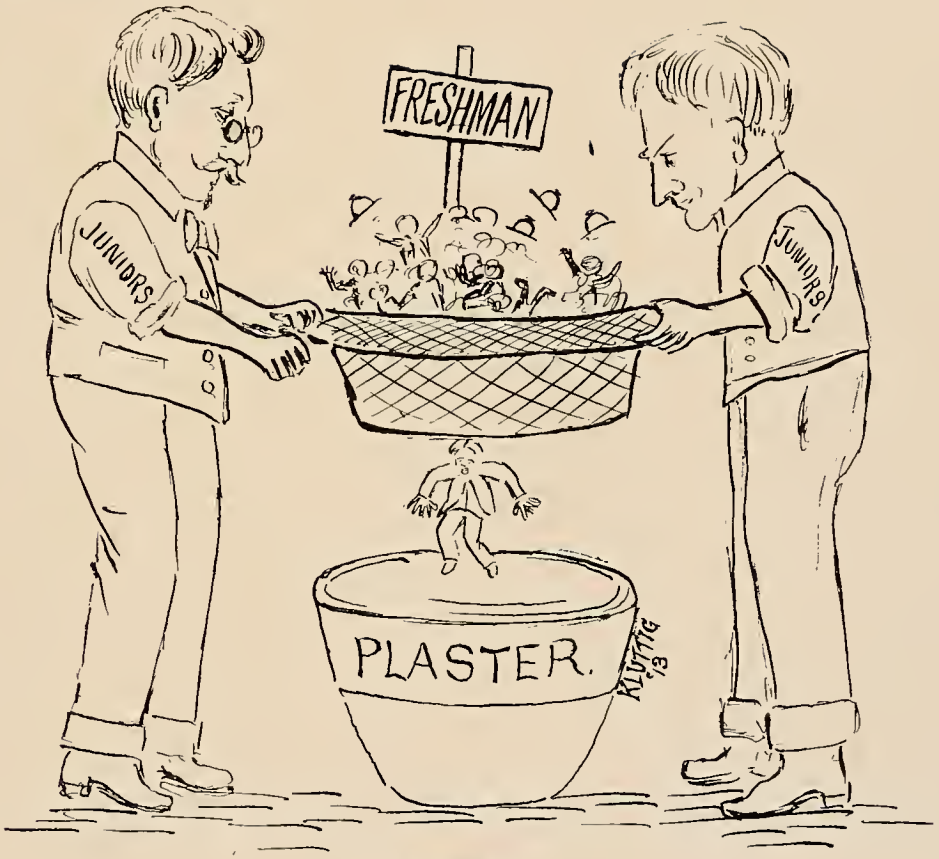


HAZING

THE TALE OF THE FRESHMAN

'Twas the tenth of October, when each in his place,
With neatly-combed hair and fresh-powdered face,
The dear little Freshies to lecture had come,
Dreaming of mamma and of home, sweet home.

Each dear little innocent, homesick lad,
In freshly-creased trousers and new coat was clad;
And on Dr. Finney was bent every eye—
They looked like cherubim sent from the sky.

So firm were their trust and their faith yet untried,
They heard not the sound of footsteps outside;
Nor thought for a moment what fate was in store,
Till a bunch of bold Juniors marched in through the door.

"To arms," cried Doc Bumpass of Texas so bold,
The boss of the field, and full worthy I'm told.
Then Doc Ducky Doremus, commander-in-chief,
With iron-nerved hands and heart full of grief,

Assisted by others of rank less austere,
Buried each lad in water full clear;
Then gently removed him, while Le Tourneau
With eggs, paint and plaster showed what he could do.

A coat of shellac, of axle grease and varnish,
Were next applied, and for fear this would tarnish,
Turlington and Butler, their parts not forgetting,
Conferred on each Freshie a second good wetting.

Then Ruman and others, brave guards of the frill,
Prevented the laddies from having a chill
By applying all sorts of ornate decorations,
Amid some protests and wild exclamations.

Each brave little lad except one in the band,
Took his first degree bravely toward making a man;
Pennsylvania's bold son, the young Freshman West,
Was given two doses for fighting his best.

Such good instruction did the Juniors give this class
That each little Freshman was granted his "pass."
Now folks know each one where'er he goes struttin'
By his dinky skull cap and classy round button.

Though perhaps the first lesson was hard for the best,
Especially for great and young Doctor(?) West,
There is surely some comfort in knowing the fact
That next year when they're Juniors they can pay someone back.

—*Rogers.*

HAZING TIME

Now the regular
Time had come,
When the annual
Hazing done.

Ten commandments
They accepted—
Far better than
We expected.

Same old yell of
"Rif! Raf! Ruff!
Freshman, Freshman,
D—— poor stuff!"

Then caps adorned
Their measly "pate,"
And put them in
A frightful state.

Then came plaster,
Mixed with water,
From the Juniors,
Filled with laughter.

Now they're wiser,
For you see
They ask us all
For sympathy.

And when Juniors,
They'll turn out
To do the same,
Without a doubt.

—*R. A. H.*, '13.

A SAD WEEK

The week had gloomily begun
For Willie Weeks, a poor man's
Sun.

He was beset with bill and "dunn,"
And he had very little
Mon.

"This cash," said he, "won't pay my dues;
I've nothing here but ones and
Tues."

A bright thought struck him, and he said,
"The rich Miss Franklin I will
Wed."

But when he paid his court to her,
She lisped, but firmly said, "No
Thur."

"Alas!" said he, "then I must die!
I'm done; I'll drown, I'll burn, I'll
Fri."

They found his gloves and coat and hat;
The coroner upon them
Sat.

Tobak-O-Chewers Klub

Password.—"Gimme-a-chu."

Motto.—"Expectorate instantaneously or be engulfed."

OFFICERS:

President,	F. P. Mansuy, Sr.
Vice-President,	W. A. Turner, Sr.
Secretary,	C. E. Callery, Jr.
Treasurer,	R. J. Bumpass, Jr.
Treasury,	The Floor.

CHEWERS MAJOR:

Couch, Masterton, Turner, Jr., Cary, Stamford, Bastey, McGreevy, Spear.

CHEWERS MINOR:

Ruman, Mason, Hollingsworth, Kelley, Gocke.

What a smile there was on Freshman Coupal's face when he received that long-looked-for package from his sweetheart in "Beau Canada"! But, oh, my! How quickly did that smile vanish when he was told the amount of duty to be paid upon the package! How often could you stand receiving such bundles, Coupal?

Dr. Foster—"What is biology (beeology)?"
Freshman O'Neil—"The study of the life of living things, Doctor."

Dr. Simons (lecturing on sodium)—"Soda makes the dough rise, thus making the bread porous."
Freshman—"I'm sorry dad's "dough" isn't around some soda."

Dr. Smith—"There are quite a number of Seniors absent."
Freshman Dochelli—"All the Freshmen are here, Doctor."
Dr. Smith—"These lectures are not for Freshmen, young man."

Dr. Grieves says an angler rests on the bottom of the sea, with his mouth open, waiting for food to float in. After the food enters, the teeth close, preventing the food from escaping.

No, Doctor, Bowness isn't an angler. He believes in getting right after it, and has changed boarding-houses only every other week.

Allen has been taking vocal lessons recently, and has become quite a Singer.

There was a man from our town,
And he was wondrous wise;
His name was J. Fernandez,
And his thoughts were of the skies.

He purchased books on "airships,"
Read all about their fame;
And struck his dad for some money
To buy an aeroplane.

And when he's through with dentistry,
To Porto Rico he will fly;
They'll find him in the mighty sea,
And wonder how he came to die.

Dr. McCleary has joined the Fire Department of Baltimore, as was evidenced by his suddenly extinguishing a fire located on the end of a cigarette held in Freshman Williamson's mouth. Hereafter a sign of "No Smoking" is to be erected in the lecture hall, only to be removed during 9 o'clock lectures Mondays and Wednesdays.

A man may fashion a thing after his own liking, but when it comes to a man like Robbins trying to make a set of teeth resemble himself in size and beauty lines, one knows its going to be "some" plate when completed.

Freshman West—"Is my laundry ready, Miss?"
Lady Clerk—"Name, please?"
West—"Mr. E. S. West."
Lady Clerk—"Why a Mr. West just called for some laundry."
West—"Oh, Gee! My nightie's in there!"

Junior Bumpass (to Freshman Gocke in boarding-house)—"Where is your skull cap, Freshie?"
Gocke—"I left it in my room."
Bumpass—"Well, you'd better wear it. I guess you don't know who I am, do you?"
Gocke—"Let me see; you're Junior Bum-pass, aren't you?"

Somehow, matrimonial ties have bad effects upon Senior Sherwood. He can scarcely keep awake in the morning to assist Drs. Simon and Hoffmeister, and when he does, he is so small Dr. Hoffmeister can't see him. Young men, take warning!

Dr. Hardy—"Mr. Krueger, what effect has stimulating the cardiac inhibitory nerve?"
Mr. Krueger—"Inhibit heart's action, Doctor."
Dr. Hardy—"Very good, Mr. Krueger, for a guess."

Dr. Foster (calling the roll)—"Is Mr. Herring here?"
No response.
Dr. Foster—"Well, he's a kind of fish, so we'll catch him yet."
Hollingsworth—"He's still in the bay, Doctor."

Evidently a certain young lady at Seton Hall College, South Orange, N. J., knows Senior Kerwin to perfection, as his mail reads:

Dr. (???) James G. Kerwin,
B. C. D. S.,
Baltimore, Md.

Those three question marks no doubt are significant of the three years in college.

Pickering announced to the college and the world at large that a gas, when illuminated, was "combusted." If Noah Webster was only living, he could still learn something.

McAleese (to newsboy exercising his lungs)—"Don't yell so loud."
Boy—"Lean down, and I won't have to."

Ray O. Williamson, while writing a letter home one night, was rather perplexed over an important question, so sought out his roommate to straighten the matter: "Say, Gene," says he, "does New-Year's Day come on the last day of December or the first of January? I'll be darned if I know."

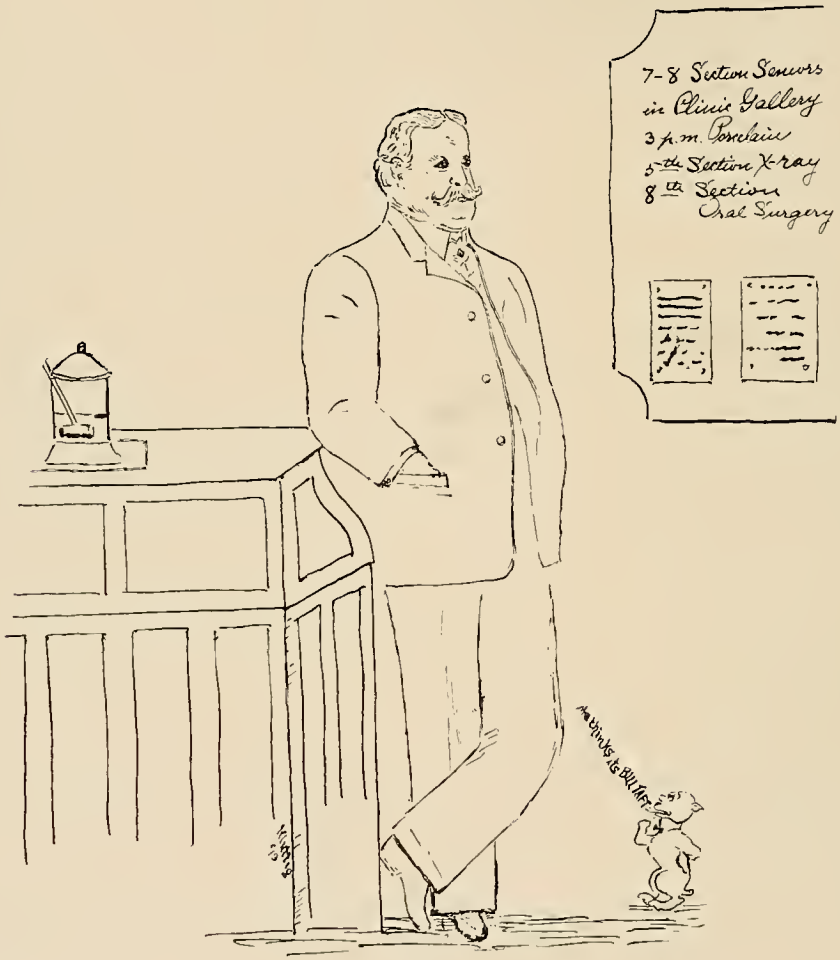
Anybody could smoke cigars as does Junior Coroso if they worked all summer in a drug store and drew the twenty-five "bucks" that he talks about.

Dr. McCleary (to the class after drinking)—"What's in that glass? Does anybody know?"
Freshman—"Sulphuric acid that Dr. Finney used."
Doctor—"Much of it?"
Freshman—"It was only half full, Doctor."

Junior Callery says that the cribriform plate of the ethmoid is not the only bone that is cribbed. Is he talking from experience?

Dr. B. Holly—"Mr. Yunkers, you have two 'A's' against you."
Yunkers—"In your lectures, Doctor."
Dr. Smith—"I suppose you could explain, but I'm not asking for that now, sir!"

E' COLLEGE
AL SURGERY



An interesting contest was held during dissecting, when McCue and Turlington, as opponents to Lowcock and Turner, spent many a laborious hour hunting for the "saphaenous opening." Dr. Davis finally came to their rescue by telling them they had cut it away two nights previous. "You can't eat the pie and have it, too," is the motto they are now following. And then Dick thought he could see it even after the "stiff" was turned over.

Butler had been looking patiently for Stenoe's duct, when all at once he came upon the space between the ramus of the mandible and the maxilla. "There," said he, " is that 'gol darned' *duck*, and right here's the *carotid* gland."

The street railway companies of East Orange, N. J., and Providence, R. I., have of late years been "running under" in their profits, but so far have been unable to locate the cause. If they but made a single trip to B. C. D. S. any time between October 1 and May 1, they would hear Callery and Doremus giving their many financial experiences in the conductor business, and perhaps gain some light on the subject.

Dr. Smith in lecture—"I broke off one of my teeth by biting down on a piece of bone that I didn't expect to meet. I mean, I thought it was meat."

October 7, 1895.

Dear Mamma:

Wednesday of this week is to be Mothers' Day at our school. You are invited to attend from 2 until 3 in the afternoon. (This is followed by many pages of endearing words and not much news, and signed

Your loving child,
John (C. R.)

October 7, 1911.

Dear Mother:

Having cold weather. Busy. Got quite a beard.

Your son,
John.

Dr. Foster modestly told Jackson, he must have been listening through his elbow, while his mind was asleep. We would all like to know how he does it, for our minds need rest also.

Dr. Hoffmeister—"Dobell's solution may be used as a mouth wash, spray or gargle."
Freshman Mason was seen to write it down in his notes thus: *Doorbell's* solution, etc.

Freshman Vanatta on his arrival here was somewhat surprised at the complexions of some of Baltimore's fair sex. He once exclaimed: "Gee, that girl's got enough rouge on her face to polish a full upper set of teeth!"

As Professor Foster says, there is no doubt that he is looking many a future dental professor in the face, especially when they answer up to the meaning of "disease" as did Freshman Herron, regardless of the books and notes which surrounded him.

Dr. Grieves to Senior Sherwood while handing out a skull of a child—"Handle that just as though it were one of your own."

Dr. McCleary to Freshman Pickering at quiz—"Keep that book open, sir, if it'll do you any good."

We are all wondering whether Callery has a position as footman, or whether he was "joy riding" in his own peculiar style. However, he has several times been seen holding down the "rumble" seat in an auto, while father and daughter were quietly conversing on the front seats. Some pleasure, this "joy riding!"

In his hasty exit from Dr. Finney's roll-call and quiz, Abernathy made a daring "leap for life," measuring his length upon the floor. He probably has weakness of the knees.

January 10 was the first day that Dr. Grieves ever heard of a dental student not knowing how to do it, and McGreevy was his informant. Yes, Doctor, we learn something new each day.

Text Books

How to Remove Amalgam Fillings with a Chip Blower. This most helpful guide to the busy dentist may be obtained from Senior Minns at a comparatively low cost. It tells how the above can be done so instantaneously that it will dazzle the operator. Yours for the asking. Minns.

How to Keep the Feet Warm. A most marvelous treatise on the method of keeping up the circulation in the lower extremities. By Dr. Lyle, ably assisted by Freshman Paul. We solicit your patronage, as we need the money. Paul-Lyle Company.

Rules of Etiquette on Eating. By Senior Norton. Apply for demonstrations at the "Alvin," on Greene street, between 6 and 8 P. M.

How to Propose. A neatly-compiled edition, containing illustrations taken from life. W. K. White.

First Aid to the Freshmen. Lyle. An interesting compend for the incoming students whose meekness prevents them from answering for themselves.

Notices

Please do not talk to Senior McGreevy's patients, as it irritates him.

Hereafter when I leave home to buy a stove I will return immediately.—*E. D. LeTourneau.*

I hereby declare that never again will I celebrate Thanksgiving Day.—*A. A. Verville.*

There is great need for "herpicide" in college. Besides the more advanced stages of "alopecia," as in Dr. Grieves and Dr. McCleary, we have many cases among the students. These are "Jack" Shea, Kavanagh, Lockwood, McGuire, Webster, and several other minor instances.

Dr. Foster (in the infirmary)—"Mr. Craft."
Craft—"All right, Doctor."
Dr. Foster—"One of those fillings you just put in for this lady has fallen out. I wish you'd try and make them stay in today, Mr. Craft. I told her not to stub her toe, so she could keep the rest for a few days."

Dr. Coriell—"What tooth is it that you wish to be photographed, Mr. Ricketts?"
Senior Ricketts—"The first six-year molar, Doctor."
(Which is the first six-year molar, Ricketts?)

There was much discussion aroused during the game in the armory between the B. M. C. and B. C. D. S. Some claimed it was a basket-ball game, others claiming it to be a rough-and-tumble game, and the rest affirming that it was no game at all.

A new dictionary is to be published soon, being edited by our good Dean, Dr. M. Whildin Foster, M.D., D.D.S. It will tell how to pronounce biology as beeology, laboratory as la-boŕ-a-tory and gingiva as gingivial, with many other much-needed corrections.

Mary had an aching tooth
She took to school one day;
The tooth, however, aches no more,
'Cause Mary's passed away.

And I suppose, on Judgment Day,
Should Mary show her face,
She'll find the same old forceps
Lying in the old glass case.

—*W. H. K.*

Junior Hollingsworth had just twisted a broach around a hair on Givens' head and given it a good jerk. "Well," said McAleese, "did you get the nerve out?"

According to Dr. Grieves, "A sucker will not prehend."
Then Senior Fitzpatrick speaks up: "I quite agree with you, Doctor."
Dr. Grieves: "I thought you would admit it, sir."

Dr. Hoffmeister (after quizzing Freshman Wright)—"What's the matter, can't you get anybody on the left to help you? Must you go way across the aisle for assistance?"

Some folks are seriously troubled with lonesomeness. Why, Freshman Driscoll has been home only three times to see his mother (?), and stays for some length of time at each visit.

Senior Harrigan—"Doctor, how can mosquitoes be killed?"
Dr. McCleary—"By catching them."

Ruman—"Where did you get your hair cut, Rogers?"
Rogers—"At the barber shop."
Ruman—"You did, eh! When did you stop going to the butcher's?"

Dr. McCleary—"What closes in the antrum of highmore internally?"
Junior McCue—"The os calcis, Doctor."
Dr. McCleary—"Tut, tut; now you've put your foot in it. The os calcis is in the foot."

Young Lady to Senior Edge at Dancing Academy—"Are you just learning to dance?"
Senior Edge (insulted)—"No; I can dance better than you can."

We had no idea that Freshman O'Connell was musical, but nevertheless one night soon after arriving here he insisted on playing a hand organ in front of college.

Junior Bowness in Kepner's: "Let me see, is there anything else I want? Oh, yes! Have you any 'butterine,' Mr. Kepner?"

Did you ever notice how cutely Senior Robbins holds his forefinger to his ear during a lecture?

The Olympia Club

The purpose of this organization is—

To furnish shelter to its members during lectures and quizzes, and
To train the eye and hand to accuracy.

The duties of the officers are—

First—To set examples for the members to follow.
Second—To spend all your own money and some of your roommate's.

OFFICERS:

Chief Cueman, ...	J. J. Fitzpatrick, Sr.
First Assistant Cueman, ...	R. A. Turlington, Jr.
Second Assistant Cueman, ...	M. J. McGrath, Jr.
Shark, ...	J. O. Cassidy, Sr.
Banker, ...	H. W. Doremus, Jr.

MEMBERS:

Lyle, O'Brien, Minns and Sargent.

Motto.—"Bustum et Scratchum."
Password.—"Shootch-a-game."

Senior Davis (to Junior John)—"Have you a Howell's physiology?"
John—"No, Davis. What do you want with one?"
Davis—"I want to do some research work."

SENIOR CLASS F'S.

Farnsworth says that when Fernandez gets Fuller and a little Firey, he's a Ferrer man than Fitzgerald or Fitzpatrick.

Besides the many other things which came to us while dissecting this year, we learned that one among us was a Russian, with the name of Francis Patrick Oskea, a Junior. Dr. Davis must surely be a close character student, for it is scarcely seen by Oskea's appearance that he is of Russian birth.

There is nothing impossible. Dr. Foster placed a lower bridge in his own mouth after making it himself. He refused all assistance offered him, and still says it's a good job.

A VIEW FROM THE REAR

"CASEY JONES"

Come, all you dentists, if you want to hear
A story about a brave engineer.
Dr. "Casey Jones" Tinchner was this man's name,
And 'twas through a dental engine that he won his fame.

One day, all others busy, Dr. "Casey paced the floor;
"No patients yet for me," he said, "and it is nearly four."
But as he pondered sadly, and thought his troubles o'er,
A big and husky "boogie" came "a-walking" through the door.

"Is this here Mistah 'Casey'? Am this B. C. D. S.?
Please, sir, fix this tooth, sir; it won't gib me no res'."
The patient scarce was seated, when she gave some awful moans,
And a former victim, lis'ning, said, "She must have 'Casey Jones.'"

Said the patient to the Dr. just before she died,
"There's two mo' colleges I'd like to have tried."
Said the Dr. to the patient, "What can they be?"
"The U. of M. and the B. M. C."

—*Rogers.*

IN THE PREVAILING MODE

Now, if the file, in a rasping tone,
Should call the auger a bore,
And the monkey wrench a nut from the vise,
Would the plane just smooth things o'er?
If the house was full and the water drunk,
Would the hose reel all around?
And if the waters could speak as they flow,
How would Long Island Sound?
If you board a spell at a shore hotel,
Is the billow that you pay?
If a single car weighs several tons,
How much does the whole subway?
Can a scavenger be a cheerful man
When he's always in the dumps?
If the water pipes in a dance hall burst,
Would the dancers use their pumps?
If a Harvard oarsman rows in a shell,
In what does the salmon roe?
If no grass is grown in the frozen North,
What, then, does the Eskimo?
If a gun missed fire, would a parachute?
This stuff gives me a pain.
If Franklin Field is a beautiful spot,
Why is Jamaica Plain?
If a bullfrog wore a hobble skirt,
Would the lily pad? And hark!
If a thief broke into a drug store,
Do you think that the dog-wood bark?
If a parrot can swear, can a crocus, too?
Enough, e'er we all grow ill!
This is the frivolous sort of thing
That is dubbed a "Daffodil."

—*R. S. S.*, '14.

Daffydils

IF Blondin is the Senior Class strong man, how much weight could A. L. Cary?
When it comes to a crisis, a man may be a stick, but is Sherwood?
If Keating bet with Yunkers, would Kerwin?
If the force of an explosion would knock a house down, would a Mansuy (sway)?
If Hennigar is chicken, is Graham?
If Ethyl Bromide had an auto, would Ethyl Chloride?
Some one gave McAleese on life.
If the Sulci, would the Alveoli?
With whom is Rogers Ruman?
It Whiteworth as much as Farnsworth?
If Davis is brassy, is Martin?
If Satterfields (feels) blue, is W. K. White?
If Bittner swam the Potomac River, would Wofford?
If a girl attempted crossing a street in front of an auto, would Will Turner?
If King gets through this year, is T. E. Dunn?
If Shea is bald, can he comb his Harrigan?
The Dean refuses female students; nevertheless, there is a Blondin the Senior Class.

Occasionally Policeman Lockwood is assigned to a beat at 5 o'clock at night. At least, he has been seen at that hour on Madison avenue escorting a young lady over a muddy crossing.

Dr. Finney—"Webster, how do you make the gum section fit the gum?"
Webster, Senior—"Well, Doctor, if it's too long, I cut the gum away."
Dr. Finney—"Wouldn't the patient object to such treatment?"

Being in the presence of the inmates of the Maryland Hospital for the Insane had ill effects on Senior Sherman. Reports have it that he was quite happy, and blew his horn all the way home on the car.

Dr. Hoffmeister (quizzing)—"What does the genitive of hydratum end in?"
Voices—" 'i,' 'is,' and still another answer 'itis.' "
Dr. Hoffmeister—"Well, which is it, 'is' or 'i?' "
Voice—" 'Is,' Doctor."
Dr. Hoffmeister—"Who said 'is?' "
Voice—"I."

"I don't know the number of her telephone,
But she signed her letter as 'Bessie Cohn.' "
—*Written by John C. Ruman at*
Farson's Academy, January 20, 1912.

INCLINED TO MUSIC

Baltimore is noted widely for her many things, they say.
Can you increase her notedness as you stroll down life's way?
Don't forget that she is proud to boast of the first Dental College.
Seniors all we wish you Godspeed; try and win fame with your knowledge.

—*W. H. K.*

Some people in our own college seem to have the hookworm. Why, Junior Fitzpatrick can't even go to his own room after meals, but goes to Freshman Laffin's room and holds down a chair for several hours at a time. Yes, and occasionally a bed also.

Every year brings the same old, yet foolish, questions from the knowledge-seeking Freshman, and Freshman O'Shea is not excluded. Inquiringly he asked this perplexing question of one of his companions: "At what time in the child's life does the twelve-year molar erupt?"

Senior Fitzgerald is quite a diagnostician. What he treated as "pericementitis" proved to be the "mumps," and somehow his wonderful treatment of tincture of iodine had no effect.

Dr. Hoffmeister (endeavoring to explain an emulsion)—"If you shake milk long enough, Mr. Orr, will you see any butter?"
Freshman Orr—"No, Doctor."
Dr. Hoffmeister—"You're thinking of oleomargine."

Ask Senior Mulcunry who it was that Jerry O'Connell took home the evening of the college dance.

Senior Givens (at a recent social)—"Miss Neely, may I have the pleasure of seeing you home?"
Miss Neely—"I don't know. I expect papa will be around after me."
(What are you trying to do, Givens, rob the cradle.")

Senior Fitzpatrick—"You talk about hard luck. I've just finished my specimen plates and accidentally broke them by sitting on them."
Senior Lankford—"Didn't they bite you, Fitz?"

Dr. Hoffmeister (in lecture)—"Alcohol is very apt to produce flesh when taken internally." Then spying Freshman Crisp, "but some people are stout who don't use alcohol at all."

Cloutier had just arisen after an all day's sleep, and had arrived at his boarding-house.
"Which will you have, Mr. Cloutier, beef or pork?" asked Miss May.
"Corn flakes," answered our sleepy youth, not realizing it was dinner time.

Bennett, Senior, has inquired recently for the correct pronunciation of "saliva." He says he has quit calling it "saliver," since he read a paper at Harris-Hayden one night.

A girl asked Freshman Turcotte how much he weighed, and he answered, "I don't know. I tried a scale on Linden avenue, but it can weigh only 225 pounds." (He boards at Miss May's.)

Senior Farnsworth, when about to receive a tip from a certain young lady for an extraction, was interrupted by Junior John, on the grounds that the price was too much. You should have seen the look on Farnsworth's face when he realized what had happened to those oysters he thought of getting from Kelley's.

W. A. Turner, Junior, is certainly making a hit during leap year with some fair damsel. He has already received the following letter from his unknown admirer:

Mr. Turner, City:

Dear Sir—
I write you this letter
That your future you may better
By giving me your heart and hand
And join me in the wedlock band.
I choose you from all the rest,
And merely make this one request:
I'll mend your shirts and darn your socks,
Polish your boots and the cradle rock.
If you my offer will decline,
Then I will employ the leap year fine.
I merely make this one request;
If refused, I'm entitled to a fine silk dress.
If you the writer's name can guess,
Send your answer to my address.

YOUR LITTLE LEAP YEAR GIRL.

Not to be outdone by the young lady, Turner went to work immediately to write an answer suitable for such a request, and this is what he wrote:

My dear little "Leap Year Girl,"
You've got me all in a whirl.
Since receiving your strange request,
Have thought sincerely of the dress,
But if you I could but find,
Perchance I might change my mind
And join you in the wedlock band
By giving you my heart and hand,
That you might mend my shirts and socks
And dear little baby in the cradle rock.
So think not of the fine silk dress,
For I am sure I shall rightly guess
The name. No, it is not Pearl,
But Helen, my Little Leap Year Girl.

Dr. Foster had called the roll on Tuesday, and, not finding Freshman Casto present, determined to find out whether he regularly attends lectures. His opportunity came on the following Thursday, when Casto appeared at the office to pay his tuition.

"Mr. Casto," said Dr. Foster, "do you attend lectures often?"

"Yes, Doctor."

"Well, sir, what did Dr. Smith lecture on last evening?"

"He lectured on 'soldering,' Doctor."

McGrath went out to buy a tie, and for once decided to buy a classy one and pay a good price for it. He selected a fine-looker and paid the full sum of $1. He was very much elated over his purchase until he passed a clothing store and saw the same style tie advertised for 75 cents. But when he came home he found another fellow had secured one at a bargain sale for 59 cents.

We Would Like To Know

Where Dr. McCleary gets all of his straws, and how he buys them, whether by the bale or per ton.

How much liquid Jack Masterton thinks one small waste-basket will hold.

Who showed Stamford the wonderful tricks he can do with cards.

Why Freshman Burns left the lecture hall so suddenly the night of January 23d during the Dean's lecture. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

Why the brother of a certain girl from Virginia had to tell a cheesy Canadian (Turner) to get out of her home.

When Junior Davis will get a hair cut.

Who knocked the lateral from Satterfield's face, thereby robbing him of part of his gentleness.

Where Givens got that silver(?) pipe he smoked after Christmas vacation.

Where all those handsome charts that were in the lecture hall last year have gone to.

When that seat at the left of the lecture hall will be fixed, so that students can sit in it with some sense of security.

What attraction there is at Goucher College for Ruman and Hodgson.

Why Givens took Johns and Tincher to the Dental Demonstration, at the Eutaw House, to get cigars, when he knew that neither of these men smoked.

What keeps Senior Dalton in the infirmary evenings until after 7 o'clock.

When Junior DeRoche and Senior Farrell are going to have that six-round bout they are talking about.

Why Junior Bowness always wipes the chair with his napkin at the boarding-house before sitting down.

What Freshmen Mason and Huff found in their pockets after coming from the dissecting room.

The name of the firm supplying Dalton with tan shoes.

In what instances Dr. Smith would use "err-ah-err-vaseline."

Where Junior Hollingsworth learned how to bark like a dog.

What Doremus did with the rest of the $30 he had left after buying the Freshmen caps.

Dr. Hoffmeister—"Mr. Hughes, what is an infusion?"
Hughes, Freshie—"An infusion is the boiling of a vegetable in water."
Dr. Hoffmeister—"Well, for an example, is boiling a cabbage in water an infusion?"

"What is French turpentine, Dr. Foster?" asked Senior Rhein.
"French turpentine is French turpentine, sir!"

Have you noticed the number of diamonds around college recently? The Freshmen have got on to the fact that Kirby's have a jewelry counter.

Watch out for the next President as prophesied by Dr. Foster.

Freshman Valiquette—"I am come from Montreal for to study ze beautiful trade of dentistry. Bimby I come home an' I say, 'I am ze fameus American dentist.' Ze people say, 'Oui,' an' I mak beaucoup money."

Junior Butler asked LeTourneau and Kelley if the dental papilla was situated at each end of the tooth band, and was politely referred to either Hill's Manual or Dr. Grieves.

Freshman Coupal—"What makes a plate come out porous?"
Junior LeTourneau—"Air bubbles in the wax."

Yunkers, Senior—"Well, Doctor, formaldehyde is an organic compound, because it contains carbon, hydrogen and oxygen."
Dr. Hoffmeister—"Isn't it a carbohydrate also?"
Yunkers—"I thought it was only an organic compound, because a carbohydrate, I thought, had to contain carbon, hydrogen and oxygen."

Ask Senior Lyle what the fellow did when he couldn't sneeze.

"Is Mr. Peterwhack present?" asked Dr. B. Holly Smith in roll-call. He was simply trying to pronounce Petrowiak, but had not sufficient practice with the name.

Proverbs

THINK twice before you speak, and then talk to yourself.—Givens. Absorb this.

Be contented with your position, or else improve it.—Lockwood.

Today is short, yesterday is gone, tomorrow never comes. If you have anything to do, "get busy."—Followed by the Annual Board.

Don't think the other fellow's opportunity has been greater than yours. He made it.—Maier.

Folks who never do more than they get paid for, never get paid for more than they do.—Doremus.

Great things have little beginnings. Even fish start in on small scales. Cheer up, Freshmen!

Familiarity (with chicken) breeds contempt (for boarding-houses).—Keating.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder, but absinthe makes the jag last longer.—Olympia Club.

"*In vino veritas.*"

In wine there is truth.—Bennett says let's have the truth.

Dr. Hoffmeister—"Mr. Huff, is that definition which was just given a correct one for an antiseptic?"

Freshman F. Huff—"Yes—I mean no, Doctor."

Dr. Hoffmeister—"Well, then, sir, what is an antiseptic if it don't kill bacteria?"

F. Huff—"It destroys germs, Doctor."

Juniors Lowcock and Cairns are firm advocates of artificial respiration. When going home last spring on the boat they endeavored to restore a man to consciousness, but—the man was dead before they began.

Senior Robbins, explaining a case he was treating to the mother of his little patient: "You see, according to Angles' classification, this is a subdivision of Division 1, Class 2, and is quite complicated." Of course, the woman understood it all, and had perfect confidence in him.

"Where's Jack Partridge?" asked Lowcock of Kreuger. "Is he studying?"
"Yes, he is," answered Kreuger.
"What's he studying," inquired Dick.
"I don't know. He picked up a book and laid down on the bed, and when I left he had read as far as the index."

Either Dr. Finney isn't accustomed to a mouth blowpipe or he requires a lot of action in using one. Nevertheless, when he cliniced on soldering he vigorously kicked his right foot, much to the amusement of three classes.

Dr. Hoffmeister—"O'Neil, what is an infusion?"
O'Neil, Freshman—"It's one drug in another, Doctor."
Dr. Hoffmeister—"Which do you boil, infusion or decoction?"
O'Neil—"Infusion, Doctor."
Dr. Hoffmeister—"You didn't understand your prompter. I'll get him later."

There is some rumor around that Senior Farrell is going to take a post-graduate course in plate repairing. He is becoming quite adept in this work, and hopes to make a success of it.

While extracting a tooth for a colored patient, the man bit Freshman Corley's thumb. Of course, we know all "darkies" like turkey, but just because a man comes from Vermont is no sign that he's a sample of those famous Vermont turkeys.

Senior Sherman was terribly excited on the night the orchestra played at "Bayview." He forgot all about his cornet case while talking to a couple of young ladies, but when it was time to leave the station he realized that "love was blind." He didn't see the fellows hide his case on him, and was ready to call out the police force when the fellows handed him the instrument.

Chronology

October 10—McAleese sprouts a mustache.

October 11—Freshmen were thoroughly washed and coated with well preserving material.

October 12—Freshman Crisp raises his voice into harmonious discords to all three chapters.

October 20—First lecture on the life and works of the great Dr. Angle.

October 23—Junior LeTourneau grows a mustache and a "Van Dyke." Stamford kills two mosquitoes.

November 10—Sherwood holds a flask for Dr. Simons.

November 12 (Sunday)—Freshmen O'Shea and Abernathy, upon being told by Kerwin that Dr. Kelsey was to hold a special lecture on pumice inlay at 5 P. M. on that day, proceeded to college to attend it.

November 17—Dr. Simons traces Ceasar's atom to the lecture hall of B. C. D. S. McAleese removes his mustache.

November 18—Sargent and Mickens both come to lecture. Sargent attends two lectures.

November 20—10 A. M., Junior Masten gets a 15-cent hair cut; 2 P. M., Junior Masten gets a 25-cent hair cut.

November 21—Bumpass loses a pair of black kids (gloves).

November 24—Senior Mansuy wears a new hat.

December 7—Freshman Pickering makes his apppearance at Dr. Finney's roll-call, only to be gently "ousted" by Dick Lowcock. He was only 45 minutes late.

December 15—Butler and Turlington celebrate the event of the osteology exams. The effects continue over until the following morning.

January 6—Senior Lyle freezes his feet. He washed them the night before.

January 16—Lyle's feet thaw out. He hasn't washed them since they froze, and is waiting for summer to come.

January 17—Senior Turner takes a girl to the moving-picture show.

January 18—Dr. B. Holly Smith reads a paper from the "Dental Brief" containing a list of some of the "handles" which have been attached to his name by numerous dental societies.

January 19—McAleese and Masten take in society.

January 19—An odoriferous scent pervades the lecture hall when Jimmy John removes his shoe. James, do you wish to anesthetize us?

January 20—Junior Schall is sprouting something on his upper lip. We are at a loss what to call it.

January 21—Junior Welch returns from his Thanksgiving vacation.

January 24—Dance in the infirmary by the Harris-Hayden Society. Dr. B. Holly Smith sends in some "seven-cent" apples.

January 31—Students get very nervous in Dr. Smith's 5 o'clock lecture. Home early to supper.

February 6—Dr. McCleary brings forth a new whiskbroom full of straws.

February 8—Senior Farrell hit Junior DaRoche in the face today. After Dr. Hardy's lecture DaRoche kicked Farrell. Nobody hurt.

February 9—Junior Tincher made his first appearance in the infirmary today. His chair upset, and patient and instruments were thrown upon the floor. Outside of this, his operation was successful.

February 10—It was warm in the lecture hall today.

February 16—Dr. Kelsey gets quite excited before beginning his lecture, due to the presence of a user of alcoholic beverages.

March 1—We, the Board of Editors, have completed our work. It remains with the readers to do their part and patronize the following advertisers, without whose aid the book would not have been possible.

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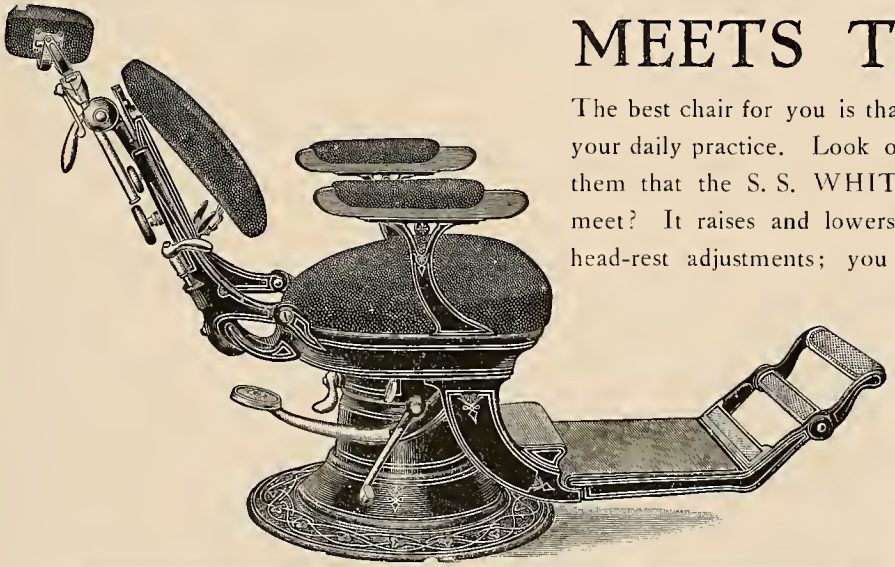

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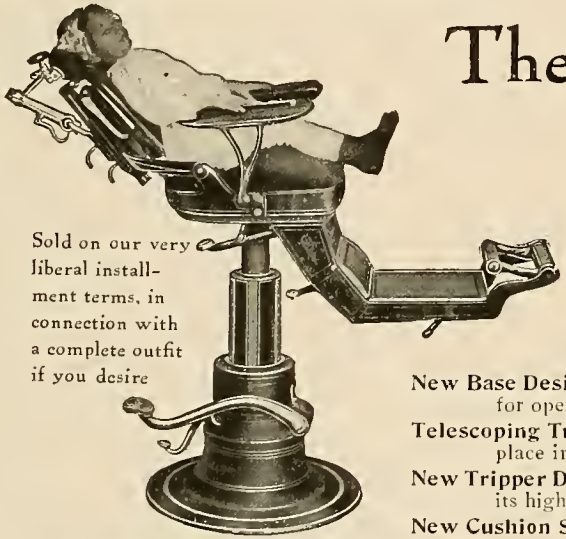

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